

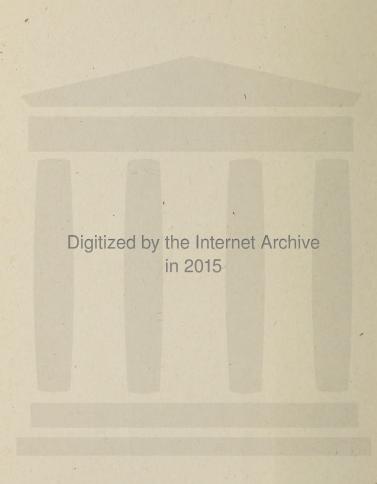
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### THE

## IDEALS AND TRAINING

OF A

## FLYING OFFICER

FROM THE

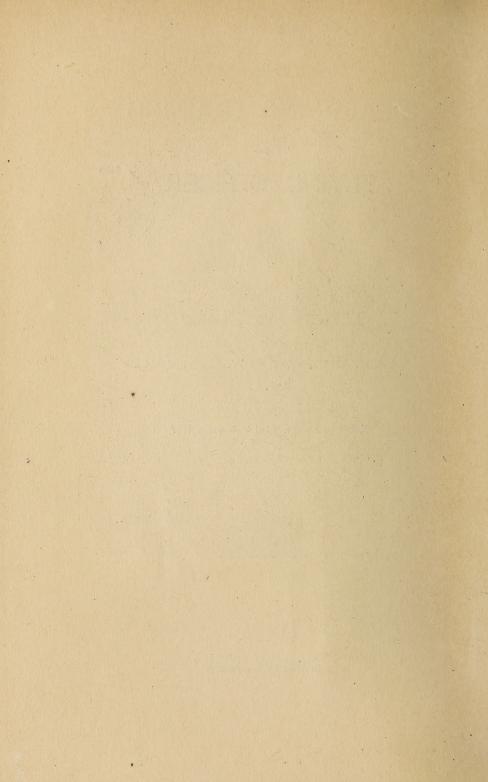
LETTERS AND JOURNAL

OF

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT R. W. MACLENNAN R. F. C.

Killed in France, 23rd December, 1917

(Extracted by his Father)





2ND LT. R. W. MACLENNAN



Lt. Maclennan
In Flying Kit

# THE IDEALS AND TRAINING OF A FLYING OFFICER

DODERICK Ward Maclennan, known to his friends as K Ward, was a Queen's Arts graduate of 1914. born in Toronto on the 17th of May, 1893, and was killed in France on the 23rd of December, 1917. Prior to entering Queen's in 1910, he had received his earlier education in the schools of his native city. Both his father and his grandfather Maclennan were graduates of Queen's. He decided to follow his father in the legal profession, so in October, 1914, he registered in the Law School at Osgoode Hall. One immediate result of the war in legal circles was the Osgoode Rifle Club which he joined and he soon became one of the crack shots. He completed his first year in law in the spring of 1915, and in October commenced his second, and at the same time joined an Officers' Training Corps connected with the University of Toronto. In December he decided to join the reinforcements which Queen's was gathering to send to her Hospital then at Cairo. In January, 1916, he went to Kingston and enlisted as private number 03755. While there he received the result of the Christmas law examinations, standing fifth in a class of about ninety. In his farewell letter from Kingston he said: "I wish you all good-bye again, and remember that I am going off on work which is congenial and necessary, and I could not with any self-respect stay in Toronto any longer."

He sailed from St. John with the rank of Sergeant, on the 2nd of March, crossing the Atlantic on the Scandinavian. To

a fresh water sailor from boyhood the voyage was full of interest, although he described it as a very rough passage. "There was frequent lifeboat drill. When we were within a day or two of England greater precautions were taken. I was chased back to my room by the guard several times, because I had started without my belt. They were carried everywhere, to the dining room, to the lavatories and on deck. It made me think of the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross, to see all the passengers going round with white life preservers slung round their necks.—On the ninth day we began steering a zigzag course. On March 12th the "Mosquito fleet" came out to meet us. Away on the horizon to starboard I saw three small black specks, gradually growing larger, racing towards us like mad. Others rushed towards us from the port side, and presently we had seven wicked looking torpedo boats escorting us. Flashes from their signal lamps ordered alterations in our course. Presently H.M.S. Drake speeded up and disappeared over the horizon ahead.—As we lay in Plymouth harbour I was impressed by the hills, green and brown in the sun, and after snowbound Canada the sight of green herbage was most welcome."

The next day he reached Shorncliffe, and as Queen's Hospital was then on its way from Egypt to France, the reinforcements were detained in England, and the various members were detailed for duty in several places. Maclennan was soon taken on the orderly room staff of the Canadian Army Medical Corps Training School then stationed at Dibgate, a clearing depot for the Canadian Medical Service. given a new number 535405, and remained at this work for three months. In June, 1916, he with others from the school was transferred to the Shorncliffe Military Hospital to organize a new staff. He was again in the Orderly Room, and in a short time was advanced to the rank of a Staff Sergeant. He remained at this work until February, 1917. During this period he several times had leave and visited Dover, Canterbury, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Edinburgh, Melrose, Abbotsford, Stratford-on-Avon, Exeter, Bath, Land's End, and London many times.

After a few months with the Medical service he became firmly convinced that with his education and military training he could render more valuable service if he had a commission. He accordingly applied for the position of Honorary Lieutenant and Quarter Master in the Medical service where he had gained much experience. He felt most keenly the difference of social grade, which unfortunately seemed to exist, between the commissioned and non-commissioned rank. Referring to the application at this time, the Major-General at Canadian Headquarters wrote from London to his father. "I have pleasure in informing you that your son is recommended for promotion in very flattering terms indeed, and his name has been noted for promotion when a vacancy occurs." The promised advance was so long delayed, that he was obliged to seek a commission in another branch of the service.

Writing home in March, 1917, he said: "What I am about to tell you may come as a bit of a surprise, but I know you will, on thinking the matter over, approve of it. Just on the eve of my departure for France I was taken off the Queen's Hospital draft and held here, on account of an application sent forward in February to the War Office to secure my appointment to a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. It appears now that I shall be accepted, and shall commence a period of instruction. One reason for my taking this step is because fit men are in such great demand for fighting units. Nothing has made me happier for a long time than my two interviews in London with officers at the War Office."

While waiting a summons to one of the Schools of Military Aeronautics, he went back to his old post as an orderly room Sergeant in the C.A.M.C. Depot, then at Westenhanger. Writing on the 15th of April he said:—"Here I am again in London in circumstances a little surprising. For a week I had been intending to spend this Sunday here on my way to Scotland on leave, this time to see the Trossachs and Glasgow, and Bath on the way back. I had my ticket (a free one) and my kit all packed, and then it was all knocked on the head by a telephone message ordering me to report tomorrow to an officers' Training School in Oxford. You would have been amused if you

had seen me this afternoon, struggling from Holborn Station to Paddington with full kit, through the streets of London. It was a sight to behold, and I sincerely hope I shall never have to repeat it. I had rather expected to go to Denham in Buckinghamshire for the first part of my course. Think, however, of spending several months in Oxford. I had often had a vain hope that some day I might visit the old colleges. Now it is actually going to take place, and I am very pleased indeed. Do not forget to write often, as I have left all the friends I have made during the past year, and shall now have to make new ones."

Oxford he enjoyed in full measure, and with his pen and camera sent many pictures home of what he saw and heard. He was quartered for aeronautic instruction, first at Christ Church and later at Brasenose. "Our mess"—he wrote—"was a great comfort, in Christ Church undergraduates dining hall. We entered through a massive stone porch with a beautifully groined stone ceiling. The hall was a huge place, and could seat 300. There were two open hearths and the walls were covered with oil paintings of famous graduates and notables. Henry VIII and John Wesley were conspicuous among these."

In his first letter from Oxford he wrote:—"I have already had leisure in which to stroll about to see the architectural beauties of the town. It is undoubtedly the finest place so far as buildings go that I have seen. Beautiful vistas abound. Go almost where you will, a curving street fades into the distance, and the spot at which the curve begins is usually surmounted by some lovely tower. The effect is resting and pleasing. How I wish my family could see what I am seeing just now of old England."

After his first Sunday in Oxford he wrote:—The Presbyterians parade to St. Columba Church. I did not care much for the service on account of the preacher. This evening I shall go to the University Church St. Mary the Virgin, it has the most beautiful spire I have ever seen. After his second Sunday—I attended the Church of England parade held in Christ Church Cathedral, part of the College. The service was short and appropriate and the music was provided by a fine

pipe organ. There was no choir. Owing to the nature of the work I have been doing, this was the third Church parade I have attended in over twelve months. On May morning at 6 a.m. from the banks of the Cherwell, I heard the old hymn to the Virgin sung from the top of Magdalen tower by the choir.

One thing I have enjoyed to an enormous degree, it has taken me out of Khaki for a few hours for the first time in sixteen months, is lolling about in white flannels on the river and at Christ Church tennis courts. I have had a few sets and am beginning to get into fairly decent form again, and to get back my old service. We are encouraged to take part in athletics all we can, so I am going to try some rowing in fours. It was on the fine Saturdays and Sundays that we investigated the charms of the Isis and Cherwell, and found them very good. I have had my first experience in rowing a shell with sliding seats on the Thames. It was great sport and took place on a hot June day. I was rather hoping that we would upset in transit, but we got along fairly well and managed to stay in the boat. I brought away a few blisters to remind me of the trip.

I am delighted to find some place where I can get inside of a home occasionally. He wrote, after making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Gerrans, the former one of the Dons of Worcester College, Oxford.—Closer acquaintance made me feel quite at home. They opened many places for me which otherwise I would not have seen. One night I had dinner with Mr. Gerrans. Every Sunday evening it is customary for the College dignitaries to "dine in Hall" in the Provost's special dining room. The party was a small one, the Provost or Head of Worcester, the Oxford representative in the House of Commons, an Army Chaplain just returned from France, Mr. Gerrans and myself. The meal was bounteous, tastefully served and most enjoyable. Probably a greater treat was in listening to the conversation and discussion for two hours following the meal. I was extremely interested to have this opportunity of seeing some of the inner life of Oxford.

GERRANS—At Oxford, England, on the 20th June, Henry Tresawna Gerrans, Fellow of Worcester College.

A goodly portion of his leisure was devoted to his correspondence and journal. A weekly letter addressed jointly to his father, mother and sister, never once failed in crossing the Atlantic to his home in Canada. Other relatives and friends also received letters. The extracts which follow are his own account of his experiences in the air, and some of the other things which were of more than passing interest to this student in khaki.

Brasenose College, Oxford, Sunday, 1st July, 1917. The great thing this week is examinations, and if we are successful, our Commission. The extra amount of cramming that has been going on the last few days, reminds me of Osgoode Hall and Queen's. One of the most important subjects we have is rigging, and extra stress has been laid on it, so I have been doing a lot of scrambling in and out of planes, and through wires, and I flatter myself that rigging is one of my best subjects. I wish I could say the same about engines. We have four different types to learn, and they are pretty complicated affairs you may be sure. We had four hours of practical work on them, running them and starting them by turning the propeller, or "prop." This is usually done by a mechanic, but an officer has to learn how it is done, in case he has to make a forced landing, and then has to restart his engine to get home.

Photography is another branch of work taken up, but it is not very difficult. Some beautiful instruments are used with exceptionally fine lenses; they all work at about f/4.3. The cameras are fixed focus and we use 4 x 5 plates of a special kind. At the school are hundreds of interesting aerial photographs, which are used in conjunction with lectures. I am not giving away any great secret in saying, that probably every inch of the British front in France is photographed daily.

Possibly in my next letter I shall tell you to address all further communication to R. W. Maclennan, 2nd Lieut. R.F.C.

No. 8 Training Squadron, R.F.C., Somewhere in England, 7th July, 1917. R. W. Maclennan, Esq., 2nd Lieut., R.F.C., is addressing this letter to you from the Training Squad-

ron to which he has been sent from Oxford. The examinations lasted two whole days and were held in the City Corn Exchange on George Street. Many of us were surprised and rather annoyed at the simple questions asked; only about three per cent. of the applicants failed. The papers were (1) Rotary Engines, (2) Stationary Engines, (3) Bombs, Instruments, Photography, Wireless, etc., (4) Rigging and Theory of Flight, (5) Aerial observation, and (6) A practical test in reading Morse on the buzzer.

The examinations terminated on July 5th and the results came out that afternoon, and my commission dated from midnight of the 5th. On the 6th I was sent with about 40 others to this camp, where we shall learn to fly.

Our journey from Oxford was via Basingstoke, where there is a Canadian Hospital. We had an hour's wait, but did not see anything of the town; being officers we travelled first class. We then passed into the Salisbury Plain district, which is now over-run with Australian and New Zealand troops. We reached Bulford about 7.45 p.m. and waited two hours until a lorry came from the Aerodrome. Bulford was the centre of the Canadian camp in the early days of the war. It is a long way from anywhere, and our camp is a long way from even Bulford. We arrived at the Aerodrome about 10 p.m., and I found three Canadians in the Squadron to which I was posted. I was assigned quarters, found my servant, had my camp bed unpacked, and turned in.

I think we are going to be comfortable here, though it is not such a civilized place as Oxford. The officers mess is near the village on a height above the river. We have to wait on ourselves in Cafeteria style, and cannot sit and be looked after as at Oxford. The quarters are crowded at present, and many of the new arrivals had to go into tents. I share a room with two others in one of the four rooms in little white and black bungalows built of beaver board. They have red (imitation tile) roofs and yellow chimney pots. The mess resembles a good country club and has a capital billiard room, and well furnished anteroom and in front two tennis courts. The aeroplane sheds, half a mile east, are huge affairs, built

of corrugated iron. Each flight has its own shed. There are three squadrons with three flights each.

The Training Camp, 8th July, 1917. I can now tell you something about my first flight which took place this morning, and ended only a few minutes ago. It was in a Maurice Farman dual control machine. The engine and propeller are behind both pupil and pilot, and so the machine is a pusher, and the pupil, who sits away out in front, has a splendid outlook, with nothing in his way. The first flight in R.F.C. parlance is a "Joy ride," and is a trip as passenger to see whether you are going to be sick or frightened. I was neither the one nor the other, and enjoyed every minute in the air. We were up fifteen minutes. I was told not to watch the ground as we were leaving it, and so I kept my eyes on the horizon for a minute or two. Then I took a look at the ground below, and as it seemed to be quite natural to be leaving it, I kept on watching it getting farther and farther away. You know how a bicycle in turning a corner has to lean slightly in, to keep from falling outwards. An aeroplane does the same thing in turning, and this "banking," as it is called, was hard to get used to. However when I remembered how needlessly people are scared by a sail boat leaning over in a stiff breeze, I liked banking, and hoped the pilot would do some more, and when he did it again I hardly felt it.

The first machines used for instruction were designed by Farman, as a suitable buss in which to fly with his wife. They are for comfort and not speed, have 70 to 80 H.P. air cooled 8 cylinder motors, and 60 miles per hour is about the best they will do. They are slow climbers, and we only went up 600 feet. The German attacks on London were carried out at an altitude of 18,000 (over 3 miles). The aerodrome and hangars looked very small, even from 600 feet, and sheep in a field like pieces of dirty rice. The first motion of the volplane back to earth rather took my breath away but I soon got accustomed to it. The machine had no windscreen and, as I was not wearing goggles the speed of 60 miles rather hurt my eyes.

Prior to leaving Oxford, all who had passed their examin-

ations visited the Quartermaster at Christ Church and were issued a flying kit, the value of which is from \$150 to \$200. It forms quite an imposing array and consists of a yellow leather coat to one's boot tops, with a high collar and lined with fleecy wool; a yellow leather flying cap covering head, face and neck, except eyes and nose (the inside is lovely and soft, and lined with sealskin); a learner's helmet made of leather and padded with rubber and never used; sealskin gauntlets to the elbows; leather thigh boots lined with sheepskin and with red rubber soles; a large pair of rubber overshoes with cloth tops, the latter to be worn over the sheepskin high boots to keep them dry before a flight. None of these wonderful things are worn in the summer, but the coat makes an excellent bath robe and a fine extra blanket on cold nights. We also received a camp kit which cost us about \$40—folding bed, pillow, rubber sheet, bath and wash stand and a folding chair.

Being an officer now, I no longer have to clean my boots or belt. My batman is a youngish large chap of extreme deafness, and as far as I can make out far from lofty intelligence. Most batmen are like this. However if he succeeds in getting me out of bed each morning at 4 a.m., in time for early flying, he will be doing something to help along the war.

The Training Camp, 15 July, 1917. My second flight took place the evening following the day of the first, and in the same machine. It was also a "Joy ride," but this time we climbed to 3000 feet, and came down in a spiral of rather small radius. It was very thrilling, and was done I think in order to test my nerves. We came down very quickly, and the sudden change from low to high pressure made me quite deaf for a few minutes after landing.

During the past week I have done three and one half hours actual flying, and I am enjoying it very much indeed. I cannot help feeling that it would be great fun to fly around over the islands in Lake Joseph. Flying over cities does not appeal to me much. Out here we are far from the habitation of man, and, but for the hutted military camps, there are no houses in sight.

My instructor still accompanies me in the machine, but I do most of the flying, and am gaining confidence every day. Landing is considered the most difficult thing for a beginner, but I do not find it hard and I enjoy it. It is done in this manner:—You pick a nice green field where the grass is fairly short. I usually land from 200 feet; at that height a field with short grass is easily distinguishable. The nose of the machine is pointed towards the earth, the engine is throttled down to a slow speed, and the machine begins to plane down. She comes pretty fast but you hardly realize this, and are only conscious of a steady throbbing noise as the air beats against the planes. There is no sensation of falling, merely gliding towards the ground. When twelve feet off the ground you slowly pull back your control lever (joy stick) and the machine flattens out and runs over the grass with little jarring or bouncing. A poorly made landing makes the machine jump up and down and bounce like a rubber ball. If by mistake the pilot flattens out too soon, i.e. about 20 feet off the ground, it immediately loses its forward speed and drops like a plummet. Landing on its wheels it usually bounds into the air, pauses a moment, drops again, and this time having no forward speed at all the full weight of the machine, pilot, engine, etc., dropping from a slight height causes the undercarriage to break or possibly something worse happens.

I wonder if I am tiring you with ravings about flying. Sometimes we fly over country hamlets, and it is interesting to look down at the upturned faces of the yokels. A flock of sheep moving across a meadow resembles, from 400 feet, a mass of white maggots crawling, a rather nasty description, but so it seemed to me. The other morning we passed over one of the Australian camps just before breakfast, the men were being given physical jerks in the barrack square, surrounded by wooden huts. While we watched, they began to play leap frog, and it was an amusing spectacle. It is interesting from a height to watch other aeroplanes sliding along far below, giving the impression of flat white fish swimming at a lower level in the sea. One thing has struck me forcibly, that there is little or no noise to bother you. From the ground the

machines seem to kick up a fearful row in the air. When flying you hear the engine and propellor, but it is by no means deafening, and you can easily talk to your passenger.

Machines always land into the wind, so a large T is kept on the ground near the hangars, the cross piece facing the wind. This is moved when the wind changes, and you know that if you land up the long part into the cross you are all right.

Our daily programme: Flying from 4.30 to 8.00 a.m. We each get an hour, taking it in turn. Machine gun and wireless from 10 to 11.30 a.m. Then we are usually free till from 7 to 10 p.m., when more flying is done. We spend part of the day making up the sleep we lose in getting up so early. In the morning and in the evening air currents are very little disturbed by the heat of the sun.

From what I could see at Oxford certain classes are still going on in all the colleges. All Souls seems entirely devoted to undergraduates. The Ladies' College "Somerville" is carrying on its usual work. In the other colleges the students are nearly all Medicals completing their course before enlisting, or Hindus, Japanese and Americans, the latter Rhodes' scholars. Except the colleges mentioned, all others house cadets. There must be between two and three thousand there all the time. There are two infantry cadet battalions as well as the Royal Flying School of Military Aeronautics.

The Training Camp, 22 July, 1917. It is Sunday morning and wonder of wonders the authorities have decided that for this week it shall be a holiday.

I have now completed my instruction with 'dual control', and the night before last I was allowed to go up alone for a short time. It was a quiet evening and I got on quite well, and the flight increased my self confidence to a great extent. I was a bit nervous at first, but made my landing fairly well. I did not go higher than 500 feet. The next morning I had two flights of half an hour each, getting in several landings. The wind was strong and the air bumpy, and as the wind blew over the sheds it made taking off difficult. I scared the Major by taking off over the sheds, instead of through the gaps be-

tween them, and I got "bawled out" by him for this when I came down.

I am now a "soloist" as far as present machines go, and am consequently treated with a certain amount of respect by the other chaps, who are still going up with their instructors. I was surprised to learn that I was the first of the forty who came from Oxford, a fortnight ago, to do a solo flight. The instructors have trying times in getting the chaps persuaded to go up solo for the first time.

I have been lucky too. Landing an aeroplane is like bringing a sail-boat into a wharf. It can be done easily by one who knows how, and the inexperienced or careless person can do it with a bump. The undercarriage, or wheels on which an aeroplane lands, are designed, in the instructional machines, to break with a bump, and thus save the more valuable parts and also the pilot from harm. Every night someone makes a bouncing landing, and to use a term common here, "does in" their undercarriage. Last night I had a crash, I bounced slightly when I touched the ground, then lost flying speed, "pancaked" and swerved to the left, causing my two port wheels to turn over. I was delighted to find that nothing was The mechanics in my flight were overjoyed when I came in without having damaged anything at all, and I made several landings. All the other machines but one had breaks. This meant that the mechanics have to spend all today fixing them.

Last Friday I spoke to one of the instructors about Stone-henge and expressed a desire to see it some day. He said, "Jump into my machine, and I'll take you over before dinner." In I got and off we went. I had my camera and took some photographs on the way, of the flight sheds, our camp and of Stone-henge itself. We viewed it first from 400ft. Stone-henge in afternoon light makes a pretty sight from the air. The dark green stones, each pair supporting a flat slab, laid across them, form a large circle, set in a light coloured green field. Quite a contrast to the hundreds of wooden huts, part of the modern camp nearby. We flew down quite near the ground, as we got

to the place, circled round it for a minute, and then flew back to the aerodrome.

Although I was the first of our bunch to do a solo, it was not because I was rushed through. I had careful instruction and received two hours more dual than most get. I have got now so that I can look about me while in the air; at first I had to look straight ahead all the time.

London, 26 July, 1917. I completed my four hours "solo" on the afternoon of July 23rd, with great success. My landings gradually improved as time went on, and I managed to complete my course with only one breakage, a strut cross-bracing wire, which was repaired inside of five minutes.

I have been able to get 48 hours leave from the camp, and so took the opportunity of running up to town to finish getting my clothes. I think I have everything now.

I return to the aerodrome tonight, but shall leave it almost at once to go to a more advanced squadron, as I have learned all they can teach me at this camp.

I went last night to see a comedy called "General Post" at the Haymarket Theatre. It dealt with the war and was good; it has been playing here about half a year. If it should come to Toronto be sure and see it.

Central Flying School, 28th July, 1917. As you will see. I am no longer at the old camp, having finished my elementary training there. The Central Flying School is probably the best of its kind in England, and is equipped with a fine supply of modern machines. It is situated on a high table land. I came here yesterday in a cloud of dust in the tender which brought me, my luggage and six others from the old camp.

While the old camp is fresh in my mind I might say something of the training I received there. I got most of my instruction from my Squadron Commander, Major Atkinson. He was a splendid man, and I believe had been with the R.F.C. prior to the war. A lot of confidence came to me from his advice and "tips," and as a result I managed to do my four hours of solo flying with no trouble or accident of any kind. As I was the first of my Oxford companions to finish solo fly-

ing, this, I think, helped to get me my two days leave, as it was almost unheard of that leave should be obtained after completing one's elementary instruction.

Before I left the old camp, I got to thoroughly enjoy riding around the aerodrome alone in a "Rumpty" as the instructional machine is called. For ordinary flying (putting in time) I used to go clackety-clacking round at 400 feet, and soon became so accustomed to the old busses that I could lie back and rest and view the country and not think much about actual flying, which became pretty well instinctive.

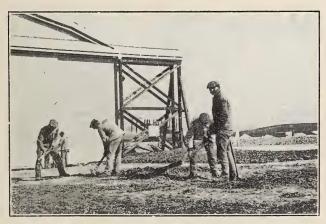
The machines here are quite different; they pretty well fly themselves, and are much faster. There is not the same engine noise. The old busses used to clack away like a sewing machine or a one-cylinder motor boat. Those here "hum" and would even satisfy Uncle Jim, they are so noiseless.

The Camp, 29th July, 1917. As I write it is half-past three, and in Muskoka with you it will be shortly after breakfast. I am having my little touch of imaginary Muskoka. I had the choice of sharing a room in a wooden hut, or of having a small bell tent pitched in a grove of pines in rear of the mess. I chose the tent, and am enjoying sleeping out doors again. The view from the tent door is a wide one. It overlooks miles and miles of rolling downs.

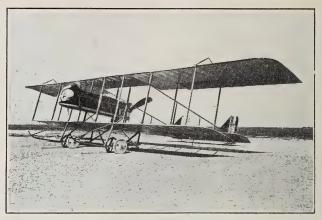
Our mess is a lovely place. It is a large long one-story building built of concrete blocks. The ceilings are high and there are large windows everywhere. It has a big lobby, a huge dining room, a large billiard room, two writing rooms, a card room and the ante-room which is a long rectangular room with its southern side all windows and has several sky lights, the whole effect tending towards that of a studio. I have several times thought of trying some photographs there. The floor is tiled and covered with rugs and the walls decorated with deer's heads. The dining room is also a big bright room and the walls are hung with good oil paintings. The mess as a whole is more like a large hotel than an implement of war. I suppose it will be kept on as a training centre after the war.



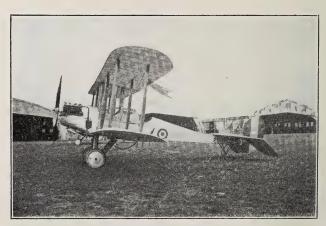
Mess—Central Flying School



Prisoners—Central Flying School



1st Type—Maurice Farman Short Horn—"Rumpty"



2ND TYPE—B.E. 2b. "Hunguffin" The Machine he flew to Oxford

I had rather hoped that life with the R. F. C. might make me grow a bit thinner, but we have such splendid meals that I am beginning to despair. I have never had such good food, such variety and such tasty cooking as we are enjoying at present. It has Oxford completely beaten, although the surroundings are not as impressive. The mess is also much better, and incidentally much more expensive, than at the old camp.

30th July, 1917. On this date he opened a note book entitled "Flying Notes" and under the heading "Notes for the Fighting Pilot" placed this Foreword. The book was in his kit when it was returned to Canada by the War Office:—

I keep this note book for the purpose of collecting in it every possible bit of information I can pick up on flying and aero-fighting, and to record every incident of interest and instructive use on every flight. I shall be surprised how interesting and instructive it will soon become.

The first few notes are written with the intention of impressing upon me the importance of making myself efficient, and how effective I can be if efficient; also to give me an ideal which it is absolutely necessary I should work up to. The ideal is by no means perfect, and until I can thoroughly satisfy myself that I have reached it, I cannot hope to count myself amongst the ranks of fighting pilots who count overseas.

As a single fighting unit I have the means of doing more damage to the enemy than any other in the whole army.

At the Camp, 5 Aug., 1917. It is nine a.m. and owing to numerous "bumps" in the air and low clouds and mist, flying has been "washed out" for this morning, so I shall be able to write letters, read and have a lazy time. You never saw such weather. It has rained and blown and been misty every single day for a whole week. I have only had two flights since coming to U——, and they were over a week ago, and lasted only an hour altogether. It became monotonous sitting about waiting, so I applied for leave and proceeded to Bath last Wednesday and returned here Friday night.

The friends I visited have been there for four years, and in that time have developed an almost unbelievable garden. It contains almost every kind of flower and vegetable that I ever heard of, and in addition has peach, pear, cherry and apple trees, all bearing fruit; and strawberries, raspberries, logan berries, and gooseberries. The loganberries are a cross between blackberries and raspberries and they are said to grow better than rhubarb. The berries are large and slightly tarter than raspberries. It almost made me laugh to think of our efforts for years and years to get a decent peach off our one tree, when theirs is bearing a large crop after only three years. They did not raise it from seed however. Besides all this, they have about thirty chickens and eight or nine rabbits. Their table always had their own lettuce, and salads on it, and the first night I was with them they had a fine vegetable marrow.

My batman here is a constant source of worry. He does the ordinary things, such as boots, belt, buttons, etc., pretty well, but he has an insatiable habit of searching through all my belongings, especially on Mondays, in order to send my clothes to the wash. Last week he sent nearly everything I own, including my winter underwear and a suit of pajamas I had never worn. When I came here first, he unpacked all my stuff, and spread it all over and about my tent, with a sort of decorative effect. I usually prefer to have my belongings, not in immediate use, packed up in my kit bag, and it took him several days to see this and to learn that I did not want him to drag all my family skeletons out into public view. He is a very useful chap, and I don't know what I shall do when the war is over. Even three days in Bath without him made me feel lost.

The life agrees with me, and I am enjoying it. I hardly know how I shall ever be able to settle down again after the war.

Our programme at U—— is as as follows. Early morning flying when detailed, breakfast at 7.30 a.m. followed by a parade at the sheds at 8.20. Flying takes place all morning weather permitting, but during the forenoon an hour is spent at machine guns, an hour at artillery observation, and half an

hour at a lecture or drill. We have the afternoons off till 4.30 p.m. when evening flying commences, this lasts till 8.45, when we rush to the mess and "gobble up" what remains of dinner, which had been served at eight. Luncheon is at 12.45 and tea at 4 p.m. Instead of a few waiters, we have a small army of waitresses who look after us very well.

The Camp, 12th August, 1917. The past week has been a dull one; continual rain day after day has made flying and certainly instruction impossible. Yesterday I had a "joy ride" in one of the very fast machines. It was fine, and gave me all sorts of thrills. The chief disadvantage is the stream of castor oil which the rotary engine throws out all over the machine, pilot and passenger. The fastest machines of all are tiny little things and carry only one man. They have stationary engines and are not nearly so dirty as those I have just mentioned.

I had a letter recently from one of the chaps at Westenhanger, and he tells me that quite a number are joining the flying service as a result of the step I took.

On Thursday I was inoculated for typhoid and consequently had a sore arm for a day or two. It is all over now. This was my first inoculation since the dose I had in Kingston in 1916.

The Camp, 14 August, 1917. To his Uncle Bob: You ask about first flights. The first couple were merely joy rides during which I became accustomed to the 'feel' of being off the ground, turning, banking, etc. The remainder of the 5 or 6 hours I spent on dual control. The practice machines are fitted up with one set of control levers, rudder bar, throttle and switch for the instructor, and a duplicate set of each for the pupil. The latter rests his hands and feet lightly on the controls while the instructor does the actual flying. Each movement made by the instructor is felt by the hands and feet of the pupil, who soon begins to associate the action of the machine with the different movements of the controls. Later on the pupil takes control and the instructor merely rests his

hands on the levers. Still later the pupil takes full control and the teacher (who is behind) rests his hands on the pupil's shoulders to show him that at last he is actually flying the machine alone, usually greatly to the surprise of the latter.

After this, a fine morning is chosen when there is not much wind and the young birdman tremblingly sets forth on his first solo flight. He goes round the aerodrome once or twice and then essays a landing, and if he carries this out successfully his confidence is increased enormously, and he usually gets on pretty well.

This morning one of the instructors took me for a "joy ride" on one of the fastest machines, an "Avro." We were bound for \_\_\_\_\_, a nearby aerodrome, but at 3000 feet the clouds got so thick that we had to turn back. The clouds were the great white ones that pile up on one another against a deep blue sky on a summer day. We found ourselves in a sort of gorge, which seemed to run for miles between huge banks of the white clouds. Far below us as we looked down the lane between the clouds lay a bright green strip of fields. On either side, almost touching the wing tips of our machine, was an impenetrable mass of snowy white cloud-bank. Far above us as we looked up through the canon walls was a strip of bright blue sky. This gorge of clear air between the clouds, although very narrow, extended several miles back to the aerodrome. It was great. I hope I am not boring you with all this detail, but I have no particular news.

The Camp, 19 August, 1917. Since leaving Oxford I have had quite a little opportunity for reading, and have read all kinds of things, some of the better books being: Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke," and part of "Martin Chuzzlewit", one or two of Alexander Dumas' tales, two humorous books by George Birmingham, about small Irish villages, and one or two of Bernard Shaw's plays.

I am still doing dual control on B. E. 2b machines, which, by the way, are quite out of date for military purpose, and were obsolete even before the war. They are good busses for instructional purposes, for if one can fly one of these, he can

fly anything else made. Our pet name for these antediluvian birds is "Hunguffin." I probably told you that the Farman machines, on which I learned to fly, are called "Rumpties." Nearly all machines have similar pet names. One rather popular type of scout machine is called a "Pup" because of its small size. Another is called a "Camel" because its planes have a peculiar humped appearance, when looking at them from the front. It will be another month before I have anything to do with either Pups or Camels, as, when I finish with Hunguffins, I have to learn to fly Avros before going on to the smaller scout machines.

Fog and low clouds hold us back a great deal. Fog is the worst, and then it is not safe to go up, as it is difficult to see the ground and hard to land properly. A good lookout is kept from the ground when the machines are up, and if a fog is seen approaching, white rockets are sent up, and all machines must land at once. The rockets burst high up, above the clouds if they are low ones, and the flashes are easily seen. This happened once in my early experience.

During the past week I had several rides in an Avro. Probably the most thrilling thing you can do with an Avro is "stalling." This is a safety arrangement to enable a machine to get into a proper gliding position, in case of engine failure. First, when flying level you get up a good speed, then gradually point the machine's nose up and up, until she climbs so steep that the engine will take her no further. Then, if the engine is shut off, the machine will tail slide a short distance, then her nose will drop and she will dive, and from this she is gradually flattened out again. The dive is a fine thrilling sensation, and has tobogganing beaten a long way. The machine is so designed that she will come out of the dive herself, although the pilot usually pulls her out.

The controls of all these machines are simple. The main one is the "joy stick," a handle which comes up from the floor between the pilot's feet. To go up, the stick is pulled towards the pilot, to go down, it is pushed forward, and the engine shut off. To turn to the left the stick is moved towards the left, and this tilts the planes to the left, at the same time the

left foot, which is resting on the rudder bar, in front of the joy stick, is pushed slightly forward, this with the left bank which you have previously put on the machine turns her to the left. When the turn is made you press gently on the rudder bar with the right foot to make it central again, at the same time you take off the bank by moving the joy stick slightly to the right. The whole thing soon becomes instinctive, and you do it all without thinking about it.

I have been exploring the country by road on a rented bicycle, and it has been very pleasant. Our one great drawback is remoteness. The school is six miles from the nearest railway and the same distance from even a small town. One afternoon I went nearly to Devizes on a bicycle. I expect to go all the way next time. There is a beautiful road and no bad hills. I passed quite close to the white horse cut out of chalk on the hill side. As soon as I start solo I shall fly over it and take an aerial photograph.

When we are detailed for early morning flying we do not worry about waking up at 5 a.m. in time to get to the sheds at 5.30. Part of the duties of the air mechanics, privates in the R.F.C. and technically known as "Ack Emmas,' is to wake us in time for flying. In case the weather is not suitable we are not wakened at all. When we are wakened we have to sign a slip of paper to the effect that we were called. This the Ack Emma retains in case we should go off to sleep again.

London, 25th August, 1917. I persuaded the authorities to let me have a couple of days leave this week end. I shall write a longer letter when I get back to camp.

It is amusing to see the Sammies about the London streets. They cannot help looking, acting and feeling new. It is great fun taking and returning their salutes, and while they look a fine body of men, I shall be very surprised if they do not earn a worse name for discipline than our own Canadians.

I have just come into the hotel after walking up the Strand from Trafalgar Square, and there were crowds of these chaps on the streets. It has not taken the London street girls

long to find them out, and as the Sammies are pretty well paid they are bound to receive all kinds of attention from these ladies.

At the Camp, 28th August, 1917. I got back to the school just ahead of a storm, which made Sunday night blustery. I thought the tent would go before morning. It cleared about 5 a.m. on Monday, and I was able to get a short flight before breakfast. Soon afterwards rain clouds appeared again, and ever since we have lived in a deluge. I was wet through for the first time since I left the Military Hospital, and till after lunch, when I got a chance to change, I was rather uncomfortable. The rest of the afternoon I dozed on my bed covered up by my leather coat, and listened to the rain beating on the tent roof.

Owing to the bad weather, which has prevailed ever since I came to the Central School, I am still on dual control. I am now ready for solo, and wait for a decent day on which to begin. They are careful here to choose good weather to start beginners on their first flights alone.

If I should be unlucky enough to break one or two machines in landing, I will be sent to an Artillery Training Squadron for further instruction. This is the fate that befalls a great many, some of whom have been here for a long time. However, in nearly two months flying, I have not broken anything yet, and am not likely to do so now.

The Camp, 2nd September, 1917. Until to-day, the wet stormy weather continued, and consequently I am still on dual control and am getting an excellent chance to learn everything.

The first serious accident occurred a few days ago, and I am going to tell you about it so that you may understand what small need there is to worry. Most accidents occur on the type of elementary machines I flew at the beginning. They are the hardest of any to fly, and I am glad I am successfully finished with them. The smash occurred to a chap named Wood from Kingston. I went to college with him, and I believe his father is a missionary in India. His machine nose-dived about

200 feet to the ground and there was not enough of it left to think of repairing it. Every bit was smashed to atoms, and yet Wood was practically unhurt. He had a black eye, a scratch on his head and a tooth knocked out, and nothing else. I went to see him in the hospital yesterday, and he expects to be flying again in almost no time. Only one bad smash in about 3000 flights, since I have been here, and that one only slightly shaken up, looks pretty safe, does it not?

This afternoon I spent playing singles on our lovely tennis courts. You never would think there was a war going on to look at U—— this afternoon. Motor parties leaving and arriving at the mess, tennis players in white flannels, golfing enthusiasts, male and female, dotted all over the links which stretch away in front of the mess, and an occasional aeroplane humming and whining overhead. Sunday afternoon flying is voluntary, and not many machines are about. If you had strolled through the camp on the opposite side from the mess, the sight of a barbed wire enclosure, guarded by sentries, would have disillusioned you. These chaps are kept here to be employed on heavy manual labour, such as digging septic tanks, making roads, etc. They are a contented lot and seem to work pretty well.

I would like to have a heavy muffler for flying with. Have plenty of socks at present, thanks.

The Camp, 9th September, 1917. Since I last wrote I have made my first solo flight at the Central Flying School. I managed it all right, making several good landings, and was complimented by my instructor. It was made in a B.E. 2b, an almost pre-war type of machine, which is hard to fly, especially in bumps. I have now done six hours on this machine and in a few days will go on to Avros which are steadier and easier to fly.

A couple of days last week I was not quite up to the mark, and was not allowed to fly at all. That is one of the things they watch carefully in the Central Flying School. No one is allowed to take a machine in the air unless in the pink of condition. All I had was a slight cold which gave me a stiff neck for a day or two.

Possibly you will be interested in a meagre description of afternoon flying. We have to be at the sheds at 4.10 p.m. In front of them runs a strip of tarred road surface fifty feet wide. On this the machines stand while waiting to go up; it is called the "Tarmac." We have a roll call at 4.15 p.m., and then sit in the sun on the tarmac with our "funny hat" and goggles. Presently a loud spluttering and then a deep hum from one of the forty machines lined up, is the signal for the commencement of the evening work. One of the instructors is going up to test the air. Up he goes, does a couple of circuits round the aerodrome, lands, and says: "2b pupils can wash out till six o'clock. Avros had better stay." This means that it is too bumpy for B.E. 2b's, but safe for Avros. Being a 2b artist, I go back to the mess or to my tent to read for an hour or so, and by the time I get there a dozen machines are in the air, and the throbbing hum of their engines is pretty By the time I get well into my book the sound is no longer heard, although it is still there. One becomes unconscious of the racket, especially in the early morning, when one is lucky enough not to be on early flying, and can sleep peacefully through a row that would put an army of steel automatic rivetting machines to shame.

I go back to the sheds at six, and the air above the camp is thick with machines. In one place two Camels and a Pup are practicing aerial fighting, and are chasing each other up and down and around with all kinds of weird engine noises. Farther over and very high up five Avros are practising "formation flying"; keeping close together they are following their leader, who has a long streamer flying from his rudder. From the ground they resemble a small flock of birds, and they are so high that their engines cannot be heard above the hum of those below.

Quite near the ground a few pupils are practising landings, under the watchful eyes of their instructors, whose flow of language is surprisingly copious, should the landing prove a specially bad one.

Half a mile away, out in the centre of the aerodrome, a pupil is sitting in his machine. He has been careless in land-

ing and has "lost his prop." In other words he has stalled his engine, and has to sit there till a mechanic can run out to start him up again. Needless to say, pupils who do this sort of thing frequently are most unpopular with the mechanics. Swinging a propeller is no easy task, but when it entails a half-mile walk at each end of the job, it is rather worse.

Over by the sheds a number of pupils are waiting their turn to go up. One of them in a machine is nervously running his engine preparatory to going up alone for the first time. His instructor is standing on the side of the machine watching the instruments and shouting directions. The engine is slowed down, and off goes the machine, first slowly over the grass till it reaches the centre of the aerodrome, then with roaring engine, and heading into the wind, it tears off the ground, rises and floats up and up till it becomes a speck five miles away. From this moment until fifteen minutes later when the machine again approaches the sheds, and prepares to land, is a trying time for the instructor, who can do nothing but look on. This pupil makes a fair landing, and proud as punch gets out of his machine and is told that he can "wash out" for the remainder of the evening.

I have been detailed to do a reconnaissance of two roads, each about ten miles long, with a view to their suitability for concealment of infantry from aircraft, facilities for watering horses, condition and traffic. In addition I have been shown two spots on a map and have been told to ascertain what is on the ground at these points.

I get in my machine, put on my leather cap and tie a pencil on the end of a string to my belt. Then I fold my map so that the spot I have to cover is visible, and then secure my map to my left leg above the knee with one of my garters. I do the same with a notebook on my right knee, and after a final polish of my goggles I am ready. The next three minutes is spent in testing the engine. This is found to be O.K. I wave my arm, do up my belt, the chocks are taken away from beneath my wheels, and I slowly taxi out, look round for other machines, then heading to wind I take off.

Up comes the tail, and over the ground I go for about 200 yards. When a speed of 50 miles an hour is reached the machine takes herself off the ground and starts to climb. When 1000 feet is reached I slow down slightly and fly level. Presently I reach one of the spots to be examined. It is between a road and a wood and appears to be nothing more than green grass. Nothing is unusual so the engine is shut off and down she goes to 400 feet, for a closer look. From this height I can just make out a newly dug hole about four feet in diameter and near it two more. I mark these on the map, make a note of their size and fly off in the direction of the other spot. To reach it I have to pass over a large wood and then some plowed fields, and expecting bumps from these, I climb to 1000 feet, before passing over them. But even then I feel them, and the old buss jumps around as if she were alive. The spot brings me over a farm. Again I come down to 400 feet and in the centre of the lawn in front of the farm house are two white strips. A "T" is quite plain and something resembling "H" was beside it. Hurried notes are made of these strips, and the machine is headed for R—, where the road reconnaissance is to begin. I have been told to do it from 4000 feet, but at 2000 I am getting into the clouds, and as the bumps from them are pretty bad, I come down to 1500 and do the scheme from there. The two roads, 16 miles, are done in fifteen minutes, hasty notes being made as I go. One of them I find much more suitable for the required purpose than the other, on account of woods and trees through which it runs. It also winds alongside the river, and consequently would be good for watering purposes.

At this stage, just as I am admiring the sunset, which is a gorgeous one, and am thinking it time to return to the aerodrome, my engine begins to splutter and gives signs of "conking out." This is because I have been up an hour and a half and have used up all the petrol in my top tank. So I begin pumping the supply from the reserve tank into the top one, and the engine, now quite satisfied, picks up and runs merrily again. There are few machines up now, as it is almost dinner time. It is beginning to get dark and as I am gliding down

an occasional jet of flame from my exhaust can be seen. It gives a weird effect, especially from the ground.

Soon the grass is tearing along right under me. I feel the wheels running along it, and the next minute I am undoing my belt and getting rid of my map, notebook and goggles. The machine is left to the care of the mechanics, and I am off to the mess to eat a huge dinner, and then to roll into bed, rather tired after two hours in the air.

London, 15 Sept., 1917. I managed to get some leave, and have been in London for the past two days. I have seen some of the damage done by German bombs. They make great holes in the street and break all the glass for many hundred feet.

Getting out of Clapham Common after the theatre was quite a problem. All the theatres seem to empty about the same time, and the tubes were simply jammed. I have been in some pretty thick London crowds on previous occasions, but never with a girl to look after, and we had rather a time to keep together. It was managed all right, but I had enough of the underground for one night, and came back to Westminster on the upper deck of an electrical tram—by which hangs a tale. I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean without a qualm, I have been present at post mortems which would sicken a stone image. I have negotiated the upper air in bumpy weather with confidence and buoyancy, but I was almost sick to my disgust. actually "frow up" but I was never nearer it since that memorable occasion on the Corona when returning from Le Roy twelve years ago or more. London trams are very slow, and the one I was in had the upper deck roofed over and enclosed. The beastly things roll a lot and generally are creations of the devil.

The following day I spent doing a little shopping, visiting my tailor, book stores, etc. I called at Burberry's and had a fleece lining fitted to my trench coat. I also purchased a pair of heavy leather gauntlets for use in the machine both for warmth and to keep my hands clean. I visited the best barber I could find, as the C.F.S. artist who made two attempts at cutting my

hair, made a frightful mess of it each time. All this and a trip to Cox & Co., my bankers, took most of the day.

I shall probably have more to say about flying, and less about London, in my next Sunday's letter.

Central Flying School, 19 Sept., 1917. To H. M. M. Many thanks for your letter of 20th August. It helped to make up a large Canadian mail which was very welcome. Your letter confirms rumours that have filtered over here from the Aviation School at Camp Borden. It seems that both the type of machine and the speed at which men are rushed through is responsible for many fatal accidents. Things are different here. We are fortunate at this school, which is one of the largest and best in England. It is an honour to have been chosen for it. Here, Scout pilots are trained, and having been the original scout squadron prior to the war, it has a reputation to maintain.

Although remarkably free from serious accidents, we do smash up a good many machines. In order to cope with this it is almost a small industrial community as well as a flying school. The repair and assembling sheds and the engine shops would shame the average Canadian manufacturing town. About 100 machines are kept in flying condition, and about a quarter as many are in dry dock.

The mess is first class and the facilities for recreation and athletics rival a good country club. We have squash courts, football and baseball fields, excellent golf links, and tennis courts that equal those of the best club in Toronto. The man power problem is acute over here, and every position that can be filled by women is so filled. All the cooks, waiters, clerks, etc., are girls, and all the mechanical transport vehicles, except the heaviest lorries, are also driven by girls. Having so many women in the lines would seem to create rather a problem for those in charge of discipline, but it works out remarkably well. There has been no trouble so far and various small social events have been arranged with success.

About the middle of August we held a sports day, followed in the evening by a large dance. This was well patronized, not only by the officers but by the other ranks too. It seems almost

incredible that in a British Military Unit such a thing could happen.

At the Central Flying School, 23rd Sept., 1917. I have just begun solo on Avros, having done about 15 hours very successful flying on Hunguffins without smashing a single thing. Rather a record I think. I am very pleased in consequence. Avros are quite different to fly. They are stable in the air, practically fly themselves, and if they get into a nasty position, come out of it themselves. The other busses I have been on will not do this, and are not so safe; I am glad I am through with them.

I got lost this morning for the first time. Five machines went up together to fly in formation. I was the second on the right. After we had been up for a while we all got into a cloud, and as a precaution against getting too close to the rest. I put my nose down and came out of it. I could not find the others anywhere, and we were miles away from the aerodrome. I did not recognize any of the surrounding country. If I had not had my compass. I should have had to land, and ask where I was, as I had no map with me. By steering south I came to a town I recognized as being L--. This relieved me very much. I knew the way from there and in twenty minutes regained the "drome." I was glad I did not have to land, as it makes one feel so foolish to ask where you are, and have some vokel volunteer the information that you are in Master Brown's field. When I got back to the aerodrome it was just in time to catch up with the rest of the flight and we all landed together in perfect formation. I enjoyed this morning's flip, as in formation all one does is to keep one's eves on the leader. and do just as he does. If one gets engine trouble, one has to drop out, but that does not happen often.

During the week fifteen American soldiers arrived here to be trained as Ack Emmas (air mechanics). To-night we had two American officers in the mess.

This afternoon I went to the village to call at the Alexander's. At one time they were *the* family of this part of Wiltshire, and owned most of the land about here. Mrs. A. asked me to walk to Rushall with her to visit her husband's

mother, who lived in a real country house. As I seemed interested in English Country places they showed me all over the house. It was a charming place, large and rambling. The dining room was panelled in oak, and the kitchens, pantries and sculleries seemed endless. The bed rooms were old fashioned and each had a huge four-poster. Of course the roof was thatched. The garden was fine, and from the house the view through the garden and over the distant downs, was lovely. I had a pleasant afternoon.

Last night we had a nice time in the mess. The orchestra played for an hour after the meal, and then we had an impromptu concert. I have got very attached to the mess. Four of us go about together and have a happy time. I get homesick for them and it, when I go on leave, and am always glad to get back.

Do not worry about the Camp Borden accidents, we are not using the same machines as they are. Accidents here are not common, unfortunately they seem much too common at home. No stunts are allowed in any spirit of bavado. I think I shall be here another month. Then I shall be fully trained and shall in all probability cross to France. I must close now as it is getting late and I am in a formation for early tomorrow morning. I am still in tents.

Central Flying School, 26th Sept. 1917. You will be interested to hear of a pleasant trip I had a few days ago. On Monday morning I first flew an hour's formation with five other "Hunguffins". Then I was sent up to do an hour in an Avro. When I came down I got orders to go as a passenger to Farnboro near Aldershot. The Captain who flew the machine was to bring back a scout machine to the school, and I was to fly back the Hunguffin. My Squadron Commander knew that I wanted to spend a night in Oxford, so he told me, just as I went off, that if I happened to get lost on the way back, and found Oxford, nothing would be said about it.

We left the school at one o'clock and were at Farnboro, fifty miles away, in an hour. We had lunch, and as soon as I

could get my machine filled up with petrol and oil, I started The weather was perfect. I followed the railway to Basingstoke, then north to Reading, and the Thames from there to Oxford. Helped by a good wind I seemed to get there in no time, taking less than an hour. Between Reading and Oxford I got lost for a few minutes, eventually finding myself over Wallingford, which I at first thought was Oxford. was no mistaking Oxford however, once seen. Christ Church and the Radcliffe Camera are splendid landmarks. The City is a beautiful sight from three thousand feet, and the aerodrome at Port Meadow, a huge one, can be seen for miles away. I headed straight for the aerodrome, made a fairly good landing about four o'clock, and obtained permission from the adjutant, whom I knew, to have my machine looked after for the Then I jumped into a side-car which was going into town, and in ten minutes was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Gerran's of Worcester College having tea. They all made quite a fuss over their first visitor via aeroplane. I was rather tired from the trip and was glad to get to bed early. Unfortunately I just missed Ted Mackay who had been with them the previous day.

I left early the following morning, but when I went out to the aerodrome the weather was so threatening that the Commanding Officer would not let me start back. By three o'clock it improved slightly although it was misty. The clouds were at two thousand feet, and as they were too thick to see through if I had gone above them, I had to fly just below them at fifteen hundred feet, so I was bumped about pretty badly. I found my way all right and reached Netheravon about four, doing the sixty miles in just sixty minutes. I had tea there, got more oil and petrol, and in ten minutes after leaving I was back safe and sound at the school, where I was 'strafed' by my squadron commander for having stayed to tea at Netheravon.

On a clear day one can see a town thirty miles away, but yesterday was so cloudy and misty that I had to come down to one thousand feet to see objects directly below me. Cross country flying on a clear day is delightful, but in "dud" weather it is not pleasant. By the way, the stamp on the envelope

containing this letter was in my pocket for the one hundred and fifty miles of this flight.

Central Flying School, 29th September, 1917. On my return to the school late Tuesday afternoon, I flew again till dark and also on the following day until noon, when I went into Devizes to see the dentist. I was advised to have a wisdom tooth extracted. Part was removed and as a result I have been nursing a sore jaw, and a swollen face, and have not been allowed to fly since. It is now Sunday and I have just got permission to have a short flip this morning.

When I made my memorable flight to Oxford I found I was the first guest Mrs Gerrans had ever had by air. As a result I was bombarded by questions, and the most amusing part of the visit was the attitude of the two maids in the house. They had seen me before and knew who I was, and they were also expecting me as I had telephoned the previous evening. All during dinner the maid who was waiting on the table kept looking at me with eyes as big as saucers. On this trip I burned about thirty gallons of petrol and ten pints of oil.

I have now finished with D Squadron and am being sent to C. My quarters and mess remain the same. I will go on flying Avros for the present as I have not done much time on them. When I said good-bye to my late Squadron Commander he was very nice and said that any time I wanted a machine on a Sunday, or at slack times during the week, he thought he could spare me a Hun Guffin. This may come in useful some time and I shall not forget it. Speaking of these machines I am enclosing some nonsense about them in limerick form, written one day when I had nothing better to do. "Guffin" is the pet name for the B.E. 2b.

A certain sky pilot said "Why
Can't I fly upside down if I try?"
But his bus, a 2 B,
Tipped him into the sea,
—Saved his life, but he couldn't keep dry.

Another young chap said "I must Loop the loop with my "guffin" or bust, When he'd finished his stunt His tail was in front And his wing tips were wound round his thrust.

Moral-

If you wish to aviate a "2B", Don't be hasty just listen to me. Stick around on the ground, It's much safer, I've found, If you must attain height—climb a tree.

Yesterday and today have been almost Summer days with just a touch of crispness in the air. I have moved my camp chair and table outside my tent, and sitting there, under the pine trees I am spending an hour or so writing.

As I write, Hetherington, one of our particular four is buzzing through the sky at a great height on an S.E. 5 machine, trying to take photographs at close range of another scout of the same kind. They are having a great time dodging and chasing each other. Just now they have passed out of sight, but they will be over again in a moment or so as they can fly one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

At the Central Flying School, 6th October, 1917. I am beginning my weekly letter on Saturday for a change. One reason is because it is cold and dark outside to-night, and another, I am detailed for duty tomorrow as Squadron Orderly Officer, and I shall be fairly busy all day.

Yesterday our canvas camp in the pretty pine grove was struck and now I am sharing a small panelled room in a wooden hut with Lieutenant Hemsworth, an Irish boy who is one of our four.

Since I came to C Squadron a week ago I have done very little flying, I have been in the air less than three hours. This has been mainly due to the wet windy weather, and partly to the fact that the Squadron is over-crowded at present, so, having done an hour's flying each chap is "washed out" for the remainder of the day in order to allow the others a chance to use the busses. I made a special effort to get transferred to C, because I like the machine from which C men graduate. It is a tiny one with a stationary engine and can fly level at 120 miles an hour and dive at 200. I am still on Avros, not being ready yet for this new buss.

This morning I was cold in the air for the first time. I

went up before breakfast, and did an hour buzzing in and out among the clouds; to get clear of them I had to go up to 5000 feet, nearly a mile, and although it was all blue and gold up there, with snowy white in a great saucer below me, yet it was bitterly cold. When I came down I dived through gaps in the clouds when I could find them, as it is unsafe to fly straight through thick clouds for fear of collision. I got down in time to get a couple of eggs some bacon, toast and coffee. They tasted fine and soon warmed me up again. I did not fly again today, and with the exception of an hour at machine guns I had the rest of the day to myself.

I have been enjoying the change from B.E. 2B machines After fifteen hours on the former I got very confident in them, yet they have not the steadiness and power which an Avro possesses. The latter has a 100 horse power rotary engine; and it is great fun taking off. The machine rolls over the ground faster and faster, your instrument shows her going 20, then 30, 40 and 50 miles an hour. About this point she leaves the ground. You do not feel her rising much. and are never conscious of the exact minute the wheels leave the earth. But as soon as you do, the speed suddenly jumps to 60 or 70 miles an hour. Even at this speed she is climbing, and when you shove her nose down so that she is flying level she will do 80 miles an hour quite easily. The pilot is not conscious of these speeds. The speed indicator, mounted on the instrument board in front of his knees, alone lets him know the difference between 40 and 80 miles. This along with the "rev." counter, which shows how fast the engine is revolving, and the altimeter, a barometer which shows the height in 1000's of feet, are the three chief instruments found on every aeroplane. An Avro will climb to a height equal to the City Hall tower at home, in less than two minutes from the time it commences running over the ground taking off.

I have spoken of the disagreeable bumps in the air near the ground, and in the vicinity of clouds. This machine is so well designed that bumps need hardly be considered by the pilot. They chuck his machine about, and would do this to any buss made, but an Avro corrects these herself, and the

pilot does not have to be continually waggling the stick about as he does on a B.E. 2B.

When the engine is shut off and the nose of the machine is pointed towards the earth, in order to come down, the beginner usually gets a horrible sinking feeling about the stomach. This sensation entirely disappears as one does more and more flying, and now I never notice it in the slightest degree. Gliding back to earth is probably the most pleasing sensation of any. An Avro will glide down at 70 miles an hour with the engine off, without the pilot's hands touching any of the controls. During the glide the machine can be made to turn in any direction, do a straight glide, or come down like a soaring bird in a spiral. The latter is a useful mode of getting into a small field from a point directly above it.

Last evening Hemsworth and I and two of our Emma Tocks (which is morse alphabet for M.T.—motor transport) went to Devizes to a dance at the Town Hall in aid of a Red Cross Fund. We left in a Ford car about half past six and got back to camp after one. The girls were two sisters, who have been driving cars since I came to the school. Their evening dress and dancing were quite up to the mark, and we had a first rate time. This was the first dance I had been at since the memorable affair in Folkestone last February. The Town Hall made a fine ball room, much resembling the famous Assembly Rooms in Bath. (The latter by the way are now being used for the manufacture of aeroplane parts). Most of the men were officers from the surrounding camps, so we did not feel much out of water. We had a nice ride back and greatly to my relief I was not on the early morning flying list for the next day. Tonight I am going to bed early, and my batman has just put a hot water bottle in my blankets. I shall finish this some time tomorrow.

Next morning. It is still cold and raining hard. I am keeping warm by wearing my fur lined hip boots in my room. In half an hour I go to the sheds to see that everything is in order, and I shall have to change into something more waterproof. I am rather annoyed at the rain, Sunday afternoons are

usually a holiday, and I shall not be able to have the long walk and tea at Enford which I had planned.

We do not pin much faith on the U.S.A. aero motor which is to be standardized, and made in large quantities. Standardization checks improvement, and a machine is out of date, sometimes as quickly as three months from its first appearance.

Central Flying School, 9th October, 1917. To his Uncle Bob. I was glad to hear of your vacation experiences. I can hardly imagine you doing farm work, but there is no accounting for tastes in war time. I have developed into quite a country bird myself, having hardly been in a town (with the exception of Oxford) for nearly six months. The summer in Wiltshire was delightful, but now the cold autumn weather is setting in, bringing strong winds and frequent rain to such an extent that I have only been in the air about four hours during the last two weeks.

The school here is crowded at present, and as a result of the bad weather few are being passed out. There are far more colonial chaps than Englishmen, and the Canadians easily lead the lot in point of numbers.

You will have seen from my letters home of my cross country flight to Oxford. I had a great time and no engine or other trouble. Since then I have gone on to receive instruction on faster machines, and the change has been quite a welcome one. There is a good deal to learn about them, and it will be some time yet before I feel as much at home in the new bus as I did in the old one.

A chap "blew in" here the other day from Toronto. He had been in the year ahead of me at Osgoode Hall, and had received some instruction at Camp Borden. From what I can learn the Canadian Aviation Schools manage to kill off a large number of their pupils in the early stages. We are much more fortunate here, and while we have lots of crashes, there are very few fatal ones.

The mornings and evenings are so dark now that little flying is attempted before 7 a.m. or after 5.30 p.m. This gives us much more sleep than we had in the summer, but we have practically no time off during the day.

Central Flying School, 12th October, 1917. To his Uncle Ken. I am enclosing some more films which I hope some day you will find time to print. I had an experience the other day. The shutter of my camera suddenly went "dud" and as it is impossible to have repairs done in England now, I took the whole "blooming" thing apart, fixed it, and after about three hours managed to get it together again. Don't ever try unless you want to have a nervous break down.

The weather is seriously interfering with flying just now. Flying in the rain is decidedly unpleasant, at 80 miles an hour rain drops cut into one's face like hail stones, and the accumulation of rain and oil on the goggles makes it hard to see. This morning I had my gogles blown completely off in the air. I was lucky to make a successful grab at them just as they were disappearing overboard. I found the lenses had been pushed out of their sockets, so I had to land in order to effect repairs.

The Squadron in our school which does most flying during the week gets two days leave over the week end. Ours led by a long way last week, and if the weather is fine tomorrow I think I shall fly again to Oxford. If it is too wet, I shall go by train.

20 St. John Street, Oxford, 14th October, 1917. I am having a clear holiday from Saturday noon to Sunday night. I had a warm invitation to repeat my recent visit to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrans and I have done so. I had planned to fly to Oxford again, and having wired my hostess that I was coming, and having got my machine ready to start, I learned that the aerodrome at Oxford was temporarily closed, and that the authorities there could give no assistance to pilots landing on cross country flights. I had to change my plans and come by train. I reached Oxford about tea time Saturday afternoon having left the school at 11.30 a.m.

Last night I spent quietly in the house. This morning I went with Mrs. Gerrans to the University Service in St. Mary's Church. It was over at 11.30 a.m., and, in the interval before lunch, I had a walk about the town. We visited several of my

old haunts including Brasenose, and in addition I saw the inside of New College for the first time. We finished by going through the University Park.

The University Service in St. Mary's this morning, would, I think, have shocked the average Episcopalian Church goer, or at least he would have been surprised at the form it took. The ubiquitous Book of Common Prayer was neither used nor followed. There was one hymn, one prayer and a sermon, which really took the form of an argument in favour of increased theological training for the clergy. The congregation was not large, and with the exception of myself was comprised exclusively of University dignitaries, their families and a few undergraduates. It turned out the finest day we have had in two months, so that walk after the service was most enjoyable.

On Friday I received Mother's letter of 16th September. Dad had added a query as to whether 'looping' was necessary. It is not, except in very exceptional circumstances, during possibly a very hard fight. In spite of warnings some foolish pilots will persist in doing it in machines which are not strong enough for this stunt. On small, strong scout machines like a Camel it can be done with perfect safety. H---- was probably killed looping a B.E. 2b, a machine which can be looped, but with a fine chance for the pilot to kill himself. can be looped, but it is not allowed at this school. built for that sort of thing and one is only courting trouble if Now that I am past the greenhorn stage, I shall he tries it. not take any risks of getting hurt in England, any more than I should chance getting run over by a motor in London. who was in a bad smash, is all right again now. His accident was due to losing his head. I have never got excited in the air in over 40 hours flying, and shall not be likely to do so now.

It may interest you to know that I flew an Avro for 20 minutes the other day with both hands in my pockets, and then only took hold of the stick because it was time to land. Does not this speak well for the stability of the Avro? Even if the engine stops all the machine does is to glide slowly to earth, keeping the correct gliding angle herself.

At the Central Flying School, 18th October, 1917. Royal Flying Corps (Officers) Graduation Certificate No. 8476. This is to certify that Second Lieutentant R. W. Maclennan, C Squadron, General List, has completed a course at the Central Flying School and is qualified for service in the Royal Flying Corps. I. A. Strange, Lieut.-Colonel, Asst. Commandant.

Central Flying School, 21st October, 1917. This morning's mail brought quite a Canadian budget. I have not yet been able to follow Babe's suggestion to photograph Brown, my batman. When we moved out of tent, I was unfortunate enough to lose the services of my faithful Brown, and had to put up with the inferior attentions of one S—, a civilian servant. He was both lazy and incompetent, and not being a soldier, he could neither be cursed nor threatened with incarceration in the guard room. I stood him about a week and then bribed the corporal in charge of the batmen, to have old Brown returned to me me. Since then I have once more revelled in clean boots and shiny belt, and find my belongings in their proper places, and my hot water bottle in bed on cold nights. I am no longer allowed to oversleep in the mornings, as B. is adamant and makes me get up in plenty of time for my 7.30 a.m. parade.

Thanks for the scarf and underwear. Speaking of warm clothes, I got a fine camels hair and wool fleece lining for my trench coat from Burberry's, which is a comfort, now that the weather is getting cold. I wear it under my oilskin when flying and in my room as a dressing gown. Worn under my trench coat it makes a waterproof garment chill-proof as well, and is fine for motoring. We pampered people of the R.F.C. get a goodly amount of motoring, even with petrol at \$1.00 per gallon. Hardly a week passes but I get two or three long drives by tender.

I seem to have finished with my beloved Avros and am now flying a Morane bi-plane. It is not so steady as an Avro and it will not fly alone. We fly them to perfect ourselves in making landings, as a Morane is probably the hardest machine to land properly. I have been flying them a week now, and

seem to have done pretty well. I broke an axle in landing on Thursday, but that was a mere nothing. Aside from the difficul landing, they are beauiful machines to fly and they have a lovely engine. They are small and in he air resemble a fish more than a bird. Yesterday I was up in one for an hour and thirty minutes, and during my wanderings about the country went down over Salisbury and from a height of about a mile, viewed the old town and its huge cathedral, set in a beautiful green garden.

On Thursday evening, on the invitation of a chap, who went to school with me at Wellesley, I attended a small dance at a little country vicarage three miles away. Five of us went and had a pleasant evening. The following day all five of us flew over the house at various times, and coming down low performed simple stunts for the amusement of the family.

Last Friday I again went by tender to Devizes to visit the dentist. I wandered about the town by myself and took one or two photographs. It is an old place and has more small inns in proportion to its population, than any other town I ever saw. I brought up at the Black Swan where I had tea. We drove the twelve miles back to the school in the dark, leaving Devizes at 6.30 p.m.

Speaking of damaging my Morane the other day reminds me, and it may interest you to know that Bird, Hetherington, Hemsworth and I have been responsible for probably \$50,000 damage to machines since we started to fly. My contribution towards this enormous sum has been very small, but does it not take your breath away? No one was hurt in any of these crashes. It does look funny to see a machine, after a bad landing, tip over and lie on her back with her wheels pointing towards the sky, or else roll over on her nose with her tail pointing straight up in the air.

Sunday.—Today, three of us walked three miles to Everleigh, and had lunch at a little inn. We returned to the school about four in time to see the end of a baseball match between some of the Canadian officers here and the American Ack Emmas. The Canadians won 8 to 1.

Central Flying School, 28th October, 1917. Last Monday my friend Bird and I heard that an S.E. had crashed near Lugershall. We happened to know the girl who was to drive the tender dispatched to its assistance, and as the weather was not good enough for flying, we went along too. After a tenmile ride we found the bus on her nose in a field. The pilot was unhurt. He had got lost, and in coming down to enquire his whereabouts, he had made a bad landing and crashed. We left the mechanics to load the machine on the trailer, and Bird and I and Booth the pilot adjourned to the officer's mess of the 13th Battalion, Worcester Regiment, and had lunch. They treated us very well, and we spent most of the afternoon there. We got back to camp about 6 p.m.

Central Flying School, 28th October, 1917. I have finished with Moranes and am now flying the wonderful S.E. 5 machine. This is the type I am to fly in France. The first solo was an ordeal as the tremendously powerful Hispano-Suiza 200 h.p. motor tends all the time to pull the machine to the right, and to counteract this the pilot has to keep the left rudder on all the time. I managed my first solo without accident of any kind. These are our fastest single seater scout machines at present. They can fly level at 120 miles per hour and are strong enough to be dived at 200. The motor is heavy and consequently the machine cannot be chucked about in the air so readily as a Sopwith Camel. The S.E. 5 can be made to do vertical banks, climbing turns, spins, side-slips and loops. On account of the heavy engine they have to fly fast through the air to keep from dropping, and consequently must be landed at great speed, less than 70 miles an hour is unsafe for landing. They are absolutely inherently stable and will fly for hours with "hands off" the controls. This was a great comfort after a Morane, which has to be flown by the pilot every minute. They will ramble along at 100 miles per hour and the pilot can warm his hands by placing them in his pockets, or he can open out and study a map, or make notes, write letters or read. The cockpit is so well enclosed and protected from the rush of air that the pilot sits in comparative

comfort and can if necessary remove and clean his goggles,

an impossibility in a Morane.

While training in England I found that with an S.E. 5 I could catch up to any other machine with ease, and of course could run away from them too, if I so desired. No greater sport can be imagined than a practice flight with another S.E. The main object is to approach the opponent from behind. This is done either by diving from above, or climbing from below so that his machine prevents him from seeing you. If one gets too close behind, the rear machine is tossed about like a cork by the wash from the other propellor. One must be careful not to get too close, as the pursuer gets out of control temporarily, and the pursued is able to get away.

A record of practice fights is secured by a dummy machine gun rigidly fixed to the aeroplane. It contains in its barrel a camera, and when the sights show a good position on the tail of your opponent, you press the gun trigger, and if the aim is correct you have a picture of the other machine. The gun is timed by steering your machine till your opponent's buss appears in your telescopic sight. Can you imagine anything more exciting, a cloudless day and two machines chasing each other, round and round and up and down, a mile high most of the time. I have seldom come down after a flight cold. I find the chief problem is to keep from getting too warm inside one's leather flying kit.

This reminds me, that as we only do five hours on S.E.'s here, I shall in all probability be in France next Sunday, and so my weekly letter will I suppose be dated Somewhere in France. The Central Flying School has been a good old home to me since July and it will be quite a wrench to me to leave it.

At the Camp, 29th October, 1917. On the eve of my departure for the Expeditionary Force in France to serve in the Royal Flying Corps, I am making a few notes which will, I trust, be forwarded to my father in Canada, in the event of any casualty occurring to me within the next few months.

Going as I almost certainly shall to a Scout Squadron, I am fully aware of the hazardous nature of the work to be done,

and the almost certainty of some mishap befalling me sooner or later.

The present system of aerial fighting necessitates several friendly machines always flying in a formation or small compact group, which reduces to a very large extent the risks of one of their number being brought down. Even if one should be brought down the other members of the formation can usually see what has happened and can give a fairly accurate report as to whether the pilot has been killed or has managed to land his machine fairly intact. Consequently if I should fall during an aerial combat, my colleagues ought to be able to furnish a report which would relieve doubt and possibly a long period of anxiety to those at home.

Information concerning a casualty should be sought from two sources: (1) the War Office, London, (2) the Officer Commanding the Squadron B.E.F., France.

Risks and hazards of the R.F.C. may be great but when one is engaged as a member of a fighting force, it is a consolation to know, that he is one of the *Senior Service* of fighting armies, and as a scout pilot is probably one of the highest trained and most effective units of the whole army. He sees more of what is going on than any other soldier. He is entrusted with a machine worth £3000. He does not have to put up with the heart-breaking conditions of mud and wet under which the rest of the army labours, and he is extremely well paid.

In addition to this a scout pilot is, one might say, a pioneer (for the flying game is still in its infancy) in that branch of the service which will ultimately cause the final downfall of Prussian Militarism with all its hateful consequences.

The machine on which I have been trained in England is the best scout machine which the British Corps at present possesses.

My present property consists of: (Kit, etc. etc.).

If I am killed I should like my family to know that ever since I enlisted in 1916 my thoughts have ever been with them, and while at times I have been very weary of the war, I never regretted the step I took in donning uniform.

London, 2nd November, 1917. Much as I expected to be in France when I wrote you last, the fates took a hand in things, and as a result you will get another Sunday letter written in England.

After a short flight last Sunday my engine gave a little trouble, with the result that I made a rather bad landing, breaking the under carriage of my buss and bumping my head against the back of the seat. I thought nothing of the jolt at the time, but our doctor who heard about it told me not to fly for a day or two, and about five hours later I was glad of this, as the muscles of my neck stiffened up. This lasted three days but has now disappeared. The doctor is a good old sort, and hinted at leave, which I applied for and got, so now I am in London.

This trip to London is rather in the way of novelty, as I am wearing my wings for the first time, having just received my graduation certificate from the Central Flying School. The wings are white and are worn on the left breast just under the pocket. They set off one's tunic in great style.

So far I have managed to scare away the Gothas when I come to London on leave. There have been some pretty bad raids and one bomb dropped recently right in Piccadilly Circus, killed a lot of people, made a huge hole in the street, and smashed all the plate glass windows in Swan & Edgars store. You have probably seen their advertisement in Punch.

At the Camp, 10th November, 1917. Yesterday I had my first flight in ten days, and for fear I might have forgotten how to fly or land, I was sent up in an Avro. I got on well enough it seems, so to-day I was put back on S.E.'s and had a fine hour fighting Hemsworth, who was up in another S.E. We had a pretty good scrap, which consisted solely of manœuvring for positions. I had the best buss and managed to beat him rather badly. After we tired of this we went to P——, and dived on trains on the Great Western Railway. As most of them were freight or "goods" trains, and could not do over 40 miles an hour, we found it rather slow and came home.

Doesn't it sound thrilling to have a fast enough mode of travel to make chasing trains dull sport?

By the way, an awfully handy thing to send me each month would be a battery for my little flash lamp; they are rather hard to get here, and will be more difficult to procure in France.

It is now Sunday evening and I have been resting since four o'clock. I flew all morning, and after lunch the Canadian Officers played a baseball game against the American Ack Emmas. It was my first game for many months.

At the Camp, 17th November, 1917. I was amused to hear mother speak of the times you are having to economize in certain articles of food. Over here things are rather critical, and sugar and tea are so scarce that when one is invited out for a meal, and asks for sugar for his tea, the family produce it from some strong box, and the guest usually finds that every one else refuses sugar, with a saint-like expression on their faces. Bacon, butter and chocolate are all dear and hard to get at any price. Boots are a dreadful price.

I was interested to hear about Bishop's performances at Camp Borden. He has certainly done wonders in France. By the way, he was turned out at the Central Flying School, and is a good example of what the school can produce. On his way back to Canada he stopped here for a day or two, and on several occasions performed for our benefit on an S.E. 5. He did nothing, however, that the rest of us cannot do. He quite deserves any fuss that may be made over him at home. He has done enough at the front to earn a rest, and I think will be given an instructional post in England on his return. There are so many pilots now, that after they have done about four months in France, nearly all are returned to England as instructors, so I may be back here again before so very long.

These cold nights produce heavy mists in the mornings and as a result we have no flying before eleven. Flying is not very pleasant when it is hazy, and it is hard to see objects from a greater height than 1000 feet. Under 1000 feet it is not safe except with careful flying, and this becomes monoto-

nous day after day. To-day I went up to fly formation with my instructor. My object was to keep as close to his machine as possible, and I managed to get pretty close. He became disgusted with the mist, and much to my annoyance began looping the loop. Needless to say I could hardly do this too as the machines were too close to make it safe, so I dived and landed. When he came down he explained that he was looping as a signal that the weather was too "dud' to make formation worth while, and that he was going back to the aerodrome.

Great interest is being taken by us in the new Air Force Bill, which has now had its second reading. It will create a new fighting force separate from the Army and Navy, and we shall be neither sailors nor soldiers but Airmen, and probably will wear some new kind of uniform. (The Bill had its third reading on the 29th of November, 1917, and is now Chapter 51 of 7 & 8 George V.).

Entry in Pilots' Flying Log Book, 17th November, 1917. Grand total Solo to date, 43 hours 20 minutes. Grand total, time in air, 63 hours 35 minutes.

London, 23rd November, 1917. Off for France, address care Gerrans, Oxford.

France, 24th November, 1917. Long before this reaches you I hope you will have received my wire sent yesterday from London. We left London on the "leave" train in the gray dawn early this morning, and reached the port of embarkation (a town I well know) without event. We had a rough crossing, but as it was not raining we remained on the top deck and managed not to be ill, although a lot of the chaps were pretty sick. We had a great hunt claiming our baggage, and had quite a chance to jabber what small amount of French we knew. Hemsworth and I go to our Squadron by train tonight.

No. 60 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., France, 28th November, 1917. I last wrote you on Saturday from Boulogne. I have



reached the Squadron which is to be my new home for some time to come.

I left Boulogne by train some time after midnight, and we travelled by jerks all night long in a French railway carriage, minus blinds, windows, doors and lights. Our destination was a small station somewhere in Flanders, and as we did not know exactly how far away it was we had to keep a sharp lookout, after the first four hours, in case we should run past it in the dark. I had just dozed off to sleep again when we reached our little station. We tumbled out and ran half a mile down the track to the door of the luggage van and pulled out our own kit, and threw it off the train, just as it commenced to move again.

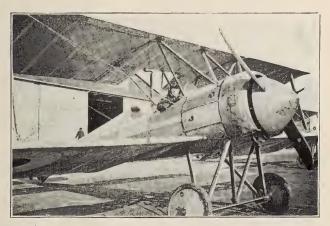
The next thing was to get in touch with our aerodrome, which we did by telephone. While waiting for the tender we went to the village in search of breakfast. This we found at the Café France, a sort of officers' club, run by a Belgian woman. We got a fairly decent meal of scrambled eggs, bread and coffee. The way the French prepare coffee gives it a peculiar taste, but not an unpleasant one.

When the tender came we collected our kit and started on a long cold ride to the aerodrome, which we reached in three-quarters of an hour. The first thing was to report to the Squadron Commander, a Captain who last summer had been one of my instructors. He was in temporary command in the absence of the Major, who was on leave, but has since returned. When we went to the mess we ran into a lot more of Central Flying School boys, who had been there in our time. There are about 24 officers in the squadron and more than half of these are Canadians, so I feel quite at home. As a newcomer I shall not get much flying during the first fortnight. I shall do all I can round the aerodrome for practice, so that when the time comes for me to go over the line I shall know something about it.

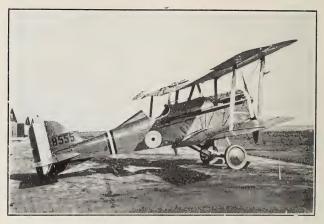
Of all the S.E. 5 squadrons in France, we seem to have struck the best. It is one which has done exceedingly well in the past. Both the late Captain Ball and Major Bishop belonged to it, and there have been fewer casualties than in any



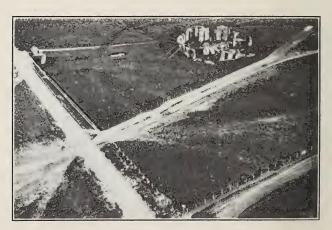
3RD TYPE-An Avro



4TH TYPE—A Morane
Lt. Maclennan in it.



5тн Түре—An S.E. 5



Stonehenge—From the Air

other similar squadron. Having had so few, the chaps have been in the game a long time, and so have had wide experience, and this is bound to be of inestimable benefit to new people. The aerodrome is a good twenty miles behind the line, and is practically immune from shell fire. None have landed anywhere near for months.

You ought to see our quarters. I share a hut with three others and we have lots of room. The huts are like half a barrel laid on the ground; the curved roof is corrugated iron and the ends are wood. We have several tables, comfortable chairs, our camp beds and innumerable rugs on the floor. A coal stove and an oil stove give plenty of heat, and petrol lamps give excellent light. I have not had such comfortable permanent quarters since leaving Canada, and yet we are within sound range of the guns which never cease. I was able to bring over practically every article of kit I possessed. An infantry officer would have had to leave nine-tenths of it behind.

One great comfort is that here we can wear just exactly what we like. We can come to breakfast in pajamas and wear comfortable old clothes all day long. Puttees I am discarding for good and in their place will wear long stockings. They have always been an abomination, as their tightness stops circulation and induces cold. We do not wear belts and can fly in sweaters. In fact it will be a long summer holiday with lots of excitement thrown in. Leave comes round every three months, and lasts for fourteen days.

No. 60 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., France, 29th November, 1917. To an Uncle. This letter is being written behind the lines in Flanders. I came over last Saturday, just a week ago, and have been having a lovely lazy time ever since. Owing to bad weather there has been practically no work to do, and while I have been at my new home nearly a week I have not been over the lines yet.

I am sure it would have amused Aunt Grace to hear my first struggle with the French language. It was mainly concerned with ordering meals and feeble requests for note paper

and enquiries for trains and the location of towns. My companion knew absolutely no French, so I had to do all the talking. I can hardly realize that at last I am actually in the war zone, so comfortable are we here and so happy. The others in the mess are all congenial, more than half are Canadians, and many of them I knew previously.

I have not been assigned to any particular machine since crossing, and have not even had a flight, but it will be a single seater scout machine with a 200 h.p. motor which will drive it 120 miles an hour. It sounds pretty fast, but that speed is slow compared with the rate at which it can be dived, 230 miles an hour can be done with safety. My squadron is one of the best of its kind and I am glad to say has been remarkably free from casualties. It has countless Huns to its credit too.

No. 60 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, B.E.F., France, 30th November. To an Aunt: I am sure Uncle Ken will breathe a sigh of relief, for my camera must perforce remain in England until I go back on my first leave three months hence.

After leaving the school I expected to go to Scotland for a short course of Aerial gunnery. When I was actually boarding a train for the North, at St. Pancras, I got orders to report to Headquarters in London instead. When I went there I was politely told to proceed overseas on the ensuing Saturday. It was then Thursday, so I was lucky to have two more days leave in London.

Now I am settled for the winter. Our work consists of offensive patrols over our section of the front, and means two patrols a day, usually of one and a half hours for each pilot. Four machines go together.

My thermos bottle has had lots of use during the last month, and is becoming indispensable. It was instrumental in getting me some extra leave three weeks ago. After a minor crash, which I had in England, I loaned it to our Medical Officer, who was so pleased with it (he had never seen one before) that I had not much trouble in getting him to recommend me for some leave.

At dinner to-night I shall drink a silent toast to the second anniversary of your wedding.

No. 60 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., France, 2nd December, 1917. Sunday morning again, and it is a week since Hemsworth and I arrived at No. 60 Squadon. The time has passed quickly, and neither of us has been in the air since we left the good old Central Flying School.

I am sitting alone in the Mess as I write, bathed in a strong odour of banana oil. The men are "dopeing" our white muslin windows with a solution used for making a wind and waterproof surface on aeroplane wings, and we thought it would be a good scheme to put this stuff over our windows to keep out the wind. It contains a large percentage of banana oil, hence the smell. My own hut is a sporty place, and instead of white cloth for windows we have substituted real glass which Crompton, one of the inmates procured in a stealthy manner from some unknown source.

I mentioned before that our hut is very comfortable. You never saw such a fine collection of rugs. For the first time since leaving home (barring hotels) I have been able to walk the floor comfortably in bare feet. At night, when our stove is roaring we are fine and warm, but towards morning when getting up time comes it is pretty cold. Before leaving England I got a fleece sleeping bag from my tailor, and I find it useful already.

Our aerodrome (between Cassel and Hazebrouck) is a large one, and this is a good thing, as landing an S.E. in a small "drome" is quite a problem. We share it with two other squadrons, and another is expected shortly. Each squadron has its own mess, so we do not see much of the others, but they all seem friendly and a nice lot of fellows. Since I came, one of our oldest pilots has gone back to England, and a new one has arrived, so I am no longer the junior member of the mess.

Babe will be interested in our collection of dogs, as there are no end of them about the aerodrome. Our mess has a few special ones of different breeds, and with such names as Lobo, Nigger, Rastus, Bride and one "Hispano-Suiza," so

called because our engines bear the same name. His chief accomplishment is yelping in order to get into our hut on cold nights. In reading the squadron orders yesterday I came across a paragraph forbidding pilots from conveying dogs to England in aeroplanes. There is a law prohibiting the bringing of dogs into the United Kingdom.

To add to the comfort of the mess, besides dogs, we have a fairly good piano and a gramophone. Every time any one goes on leave he brings back a few records, and the collection is now quite large.

The change from the school to here has been for the worse, as far as batmen go. I shall never be able to get another like old Brown. My present man is named Hazeldene, and just now he is languishing in the guard room as a result of having been found drunk yesterday.

The hours for actual flying are of necessity short, on account of the shortness of day light. Consequently we get lots of time for exercise, most of which consists in kicking a rugby ball around the aerodrome. It is about the best way of keeping warm these cold days.

Our tenders frequently run to St. Omer and even as far as Boulogne, so when not flying there are chances of seeing these places. It does seem funny to be able to go from practically the trenches to Boulogne (within sight of England) almost any time we want to. We, in the R.F.C., are about the only people who can do this.

When artillery horses are in need of a rest they are sent back from the front line. We have two or three at the squadron, and I shall probably get some riding if I can pluck up courage enough to try.

It is bound to be muddy here before the winter is over, at present everything is dry. In preparation for later we have "duck-boards" or wooden slat-walks laid down between all the huts, the mess, the hangars, etc. On a dark night is is rather a problem to keep on these boards. This reminds me that my little pocket flash lamp is almost indispensable out here.

All the heavy labour in this part of France is now being done by Chinese coolies brought specially from China for this

purpose. They are enlisted as soldiers and wear a peculiar blue padded uniform. They are employed around the aerodrome levelling ground, putting sand bags about the huts as a protection against bombs, making roads and paths, etc. They are terribly interested in our phonograph, and if we leave the door open they almost come in. To keep them out, the interpreter has painted a large sign in Chinese characters, and it sticks up in front of the mess and gives it quite an oriental appearance.

Moving picture shows are given every night or so in a Church Army Hut in the Camp. We had several good films last night. It hardly seems at all like war yet.

France, 3rd December, 1917. To friends in Oxford. I am still merely watching operations from the ground. Two fresh pilots have been posted to the squadron since Hemsworth and I arrived and we shall probably commence flying tomorrow, if the weather is suitable.

Great interest is being shown out here in the coming General Election in Canada, and the authorities are endeavoring to have every Canadian register his vote. Quite contrary to Army precedent and regulations, the authorities are openly urging every one to vote against Laurier. Most of us share this view, but it is interesting to see the officials of an Army in the field convassing votes for one party.

The Canadians are no longer near us. I imagine they needed a rest badly after their recent push.

You ought to see our strength in dogs. The squadron boasts sixteen canines at present. The officers' mess possesses five. We are very proud of them. Besides these we have six pigs, and twenty-five hens. There is no shortage of eggs about the mess.

France, 7th December, 1917. To the Bookkeeper in the Mowat legal firm. The cake arrived and has now disappeared after having been duly appreciated by the other inmates of my sand-bagged hut.

Three days ago, nine of the Canadians at our Squadron spent the afternoon motoring to the polls at a small Belgian

village, about ten miles away, to cast our votes in the forthcoming Dominion elections. The affair is bound to be over by the time this note reaches you. We over here are unanimous in supporting the Union Government. I was interested in seeing Mr. Mowat's name among the candidates for South Parkdale.

France, 9th December, 1917. Since last Sunday I have been waiting, waiting, waiting for a flight, and not till last Thursday did I get it. The day was cloudy and the visibility poor. Hemsworth and I were to have a practice flight, and we spent about twenty minutes at it. When we finished I had lost sight of the aerodrome, and so had he, for I could see him flying aimlessly one way and then another, diving on one hill and then on several more. As our aerodrome is near a town perched on a high hill, I knew what he was looking for, but none of the hills seemed to be the right one. After that he turned and flew east for a time, and although I knew such a course would take us into Hunland, I followed, deciding to go with him as far as the trenches, and then turn west again: just our side of the line I spotted a town which I recognized from the great relief map we had at Oxford. It is a town which has undergone more shelling than any other during the whole war. I never saw such a sight of desolation. Nothing but shell holes in all directions. Practically all the buildings in ruins, and every now and then a shell would burst in the desolate City with a blinding flash. Of course I could hear nothing of the explosion. I knew my way back to the aerodrome and felt much relieved, as it is most undignified to get lost on one's first flip. I opened my engine and soon caught up to the other machine, and signalled Hemsworth to turn around and follow me. We were at the aerodrome twenty minutes later. The flight took place last Thursday. I have not been in the air since owing to a temporary shortage of machines.

Since commencing this letter I have had lunch and the daily post has come in. It brought the *Times* of yesterday which mentioned a terrible explosion in Halifax which seems

to have done enormous damage. What a pity it could not have been ...... instead of Halifax.

The little town, near our aerodrome, perched on a high hill, has a fine square, from which a beautiful church can be seen, and the square and streets are cobbled. The road which leads into the town from the east, enters through a short tunnel, which emerges right into the square itself. When I was last there several howitzer batteries were coming from the line for a rest, and the caterpillar tractors, which haul these huge guns, were grunting and chugging from the tunnel into the town, and through it, making for some spot further to the rear. All units, which come out of the trenches for a rest, are sent far enough back to be out of earshot of the guns. The Casino at the highest part of the town is devoted to military purposes. From it a wonderful view of the western front may be had, puffs of smoke in the distance, captive sausage observation balloons , aeroplanes and roads teeming with hundreds and hundreds of motor lorries slowly crawling along. batch of miserable looking German prisoners were engaged in cleaning the streets. Their appearance gave the impression that they must have been reduced to sorry straits before capture, as they all looked white, pinched and sickly. I think they are pretty fairly treated by our people and certainly given enough to eat.

Speaking of food reminds me that you may be interested to know that we do pretty well in our mess, I quote from our ordinary dinner menu:—Soup, mock turtle, toast; Fish, grilled sole, mustard sauce; Entree, beefsteak, pastry, boiled potatoes, green peas; Sweets, stewed prunes, cornstarch pudding, biscuits, cheese, coffee. Does this satisfy you? It does me.

We have the correct number of machines, six in each flight, and there are three flights, A. B. and C. I am in B. flight. There are eighteen pilots, an equipment officer who is also Quartermaster, a Recording Officer (adjutant) and the Commanding Officer. So we have twenty two in our mess.

Lunch is served at one o'clock. Sometimes I have spent the afternoons walking into the nearby town. Tea is at four p.m. and now it is dark at that time. After tea we read or

play cards till dinner at 7.30. After dinner some music. By the way, we have a rag time band, composed of a piano, a snare drum, two sets of bones, a triangle and brass cymbals and an auto horn. It is "some" band. We all go to bed fairly early.

France, 15th December, 1917. To a teacher of his Public School days. I received a pleasant and welcome surprise when your Christmas letter was handed to me in the mess after lunch today.

The "wee box" is on its way up from the Base. Parcels usually arrive two days later than letters announcing their dispatch. Thank you ever so much, and I can assure you that your gift will be appreciated by several of us, even to the last crumb.

Much as I would like to, for obvious reasons, I cannot tell you much about our work. Suffice it that we are a "fighting squadron" using the very fastest type of machine, and there is always plenty of excitement.

I can hardly express what a wonderful thing flying is, and what a hold it gets on one. I am having the time of my life. I trained for nearly seven months in England and spent two of them studying aeronautics in Oxford University. My actual practical instruction in flying took place in U———, and there I spent five of the happiest months of my life.

Over here things are fine too. Aside from flying we get lots of motoring, football and even riding. Certainly it pays to go to the war on wings.

France, 16th December, 1917. The past week has been an easy one for the squadron. I have only been in the air a few times. Quite recently a certain town not far off was under shell fire for two days. On the first fine day after this we sent up machines to a great height above the town, in order to catch the Hun airmen, who we felt certain would come over to take photographs of the damage done. Sure enough one solitary Hun came over, but I think he got the fright of his life for three of our machines chased him all the way back to

Hunland, but were unable to bring him down. He did not get his photographs though.

I came in a few minutes ago from a game of football which our squadron played against No. 57. We were pretty badly beaten, but had a lot of good exercise out of it.

You will be interested to know that I am going to have some riding. When cavalry horses up in front need a rest they are sent back for a few months to units well back from the trenches. We have three at the aerodrome and the day before yesterday I plucked up courage and went for my first ride. I expected to be chucked off, but by hanging on with one hand to the saddle, I got an idea of how to trot, and before the afternoon was out I had done twelve miles, had several canters and a good gallop and managed to stay on all the time. During our ride we passed through the heavy traffic of a large town, where snorting lorries and puffing caterpillar tractors made the horses nervous and unpleasantly lively. When I got back I learned that I had been riding the liveliest of the three beasts, which has given me confidence for my next attempt.

As I write it is 6 p.m. on Sunday. There is a roaring fire in the stove. Five chaps are playing cards and one other is reading on his bed. Every two weeks or so when I am an orderly officer, I censor the mail for the N.C.O.'s and men. We of course censor our own letters.

France, 17th December, 1917. To friends in Oxford. Thanks ever so much for the pocket dictionary and excellent little French Grammar. I am pleased with both and have already spent some time in their company. I had an amusing experience in connection with the language a few days ago. I had a chance to go to St. Omer and one of the things I wanted to buy was a coal shovel for the stove in our hut. After poking through the darkened streets I found what seemed to be an iron monger's shop. I could not remember the French for "shovel" although I knew that coal was "charbon." Hoping that madame might understand some English I repeated the English word "shovel" several times coupling it with "charbon," and waited developments. She triumphantly ap-

peared in a minute or two with a toy-horse and coal cart, and seemed quite surprised when I assured her that I was not in need of a "cheval."

Have not been doing much work lately, chiefly because of bad weather. This morning I did start off on an offensive patrol, but came limping back twenty minutes later with engine trouble, and barely managed to get into the aerodrome.

Entry in Pilot's Flying Log Book, 18th December, 1917. First patrol over lines, nine enemy aeroplanes seen, four engaged, time 7.25 a.m., absent one hour and 20 minutes on an S.E. 5.

On Christmas day, 1917, the War Office cabled to his father:—"Deeply regret to inform you 2/Lt. R. W. Maclennan, R.F.C., 60th Squadron, died of wounds December twenty-third. The Army Council express their sympathy." This was followed by letters from the officers of the 60th Squadron in France, informing his parents that on returning from a patrol over the lines and while gliding into the aerodrome, his engine stalled and he could not regain flying speed and fell vertically to the ground. One of these letters contained in a sealed envelope the message which he had prepared in October to be sent home in the event of any serious casualty. His remains were buried the day following the accident in the Communal Cemetery near Hazebrouck in France by the Rev. G. R. Trussell, a Methodist Chaplain attached to No. 15 Casualty Clearing Station B.E.F.

In addition to personal tributes from old friends the following came from his new friends, though strangers to his parents:—I have just received confirmation from the War Office of the notice which I saw in the papers telling of "Mac" being killed in action. No news of all the war has affected me in the way this news has. He and I were together as the closest of friends all the time from the day we enlisted till the day he left for his commission in the R.F.C. That is why—knowing him as I did—I am proud to say that he died in the fighting a thorough Christian gentleman. Never for an

instant, in all the year and a half we were together, did he depart from his home taught Christian principles, and thus became even a stronger man for mastering the many temptations to which all soldiers are subjected.

Out of the Oxford home where he and others had received untold kindness, came this message:-Your letter with the few lines about the Maclennans moves me to send you a note about them. Their losing Ward is such a terrible tragedy. An only son, and such a son. From the first minute he came to the house he was just like one of ourselves, interested in everything we were doing, considerate, thoughtful, friendly, cheerful, everything that could make one glad to see him come and sorry to see him go, and so capable and keen and plucky. We miss him badly ourselves, and from the way he talked about his home, I can guess dimly what it means for them all. Healthy, happy, and made to be the source of happiness for others, the waste seems unbearable. I can't write all this to his mother, but if you have a chance of making her or his sister understand how much we valued, and admired him. I hope you will. I can't bear to hear the aeroplanes overhead, nor to think of any other friend going into the air service. But that isn't a feeling I shall give way to longer than I can help.

From a London home, where he called but once shortly before he left for France, his hostess, a lady of some eighty years, wrote:—Oh you know how truly grieved and shocked we feel at the terrible news just come to-day. It is almost impossible to believe that that strong looking, bright young creature has left this world, when so lately, so lately it seems, he was here so happy and full of life and energy. He told me to tell you how he had grown, so tall and broad shouldered, that he hardly thought you would know him again. We spoke of all the wonders of the Universe that have been discovered since I was born, of the number even since he was born, and I said I thought it was proof of how our Heavenly Father was educating us for a Higher life than this when we shall learn even more and more of science and beauty and love and truth; and how God might have told man all at once, but he gave him

the joy of using his God-like powers to discover electricity, wireless telegraphy, everything we know, and your dear son looked so reverend and thoughtful and said:—"Oh yes, it is true, how we have progressed, how we have learned, but how much we have still to learn even here. You can't think what it is to be high up in the sky, what thoughts one has." I thought that all you who knew and loved him so would like to hear what he said.

From a brother Lieutenant, five years his junior, who had been with him in the Flying School and had accompanied him to France, came a shy estimate of his departed friend, with its significant touch of the hereafter:—I am not an atom of use writing these sort of letters. I think you will understand me when I say that "Mac" was certainly my best pal in the army. However there is no use being mournful about it, he is far happier where he is.

From Buckingham Palace came a note of regret signed by the Keeper of the Privy Purse. The King and Queen deeply regret to hear of the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your son in the service of his country; and I am commanded to convey to you the expression of Their Majesties' true sympathy with you in your sorrow.

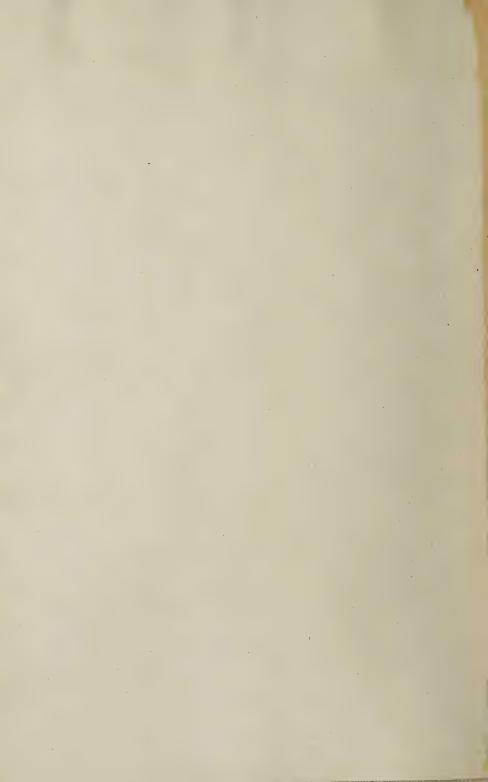






of the Sixtieth Squadron, Royal Flying Lorps, British Expeditionary Forces, France. Born in Coronto 17 May 1893. Braduated from Queen's University, Kingston, 1914. the same year entered the Law School at Osgoode Hall. A member of this Church and a teacher in the Sunday School. Enlisted with the Lanadian Army Medical Lorps, January 1916. transferred to the Hir Service April 1917. Killed while on Active Service in Flanders, 23 December 1917. His body is interred in the Communal Lemetery at Hazebrouck, France.

Per ardua ad astra.



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## War Motes.

#### LAWYERS AT THE FRONT.

#### KILLED.

R. W. Maclennan, Flight-Lieut., R.F.C., Toronto, Law Student, only son of R. J. Maclennan, Secretary of Canadian Bar Association. Killed in France, December 23, 1917.

A recent number of the *Queen's University Quarterly* contains an article giving a sketch of the career of this brilliant young soldier in the British air service, consisting mainly of his home letters. This, supplemented by other letters and incidents, has been published by his father for private circulation under the title, "Ideals and Training of a Flying Officer, R.F.C." It furnishes most interesting reading, and his letters, which manifest much literary ability, give the clearest insight we have seen of the ideals, the training and the camp life of those engaged in this fascinating but most dangerous service.



A STUDENT SOLDIER.

Flight Lieutenant R. W. Maclennan, of Toronto, who was killed last December on service in France, was typical, in ambition and ability, of Canada's "student army."

# A Student in Arms.

W HEN war was declared, this student in arms was on a vacation on a Muskoka Island, busy building a motor boat little dreaming that within a short space he would be driving a flying machine over Flanders fields at more than two hundred miles an hour, and that in the end there would be a cross for him on those historic plains.

Flight Lieutenant Roderick Ward Maclennan, known to his friends as Ward, was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roderick J. Maclennan, of Toronto, where he was born on the 17th of May, 1893. He was a grandson of the late Sheriff Maclennan, of Lindsay. He was educated at Wellesley School and Jarvis Collegiate, and as both his grandfather and father were graduates of Queen's, it followed that he spent four years in the Limestone City, receiving his Bachelor's degree in the spring of 1914. His favorite studies were mathematics, English literature and political economy. Immediately following his graduation he assisted in the management of the Town-planning Convention held in Toronto.

He first thought of medicine, but on further consideration decided to follow his father's profession, so in October, 1914, he entered the Law School at Osgoode Hall, and signed articles with the Mowat legal firm. His earliest preparation for war was with the Osgoode Rifle Association, in which he soon became one of the crack shots. In 1915 he returned to the Island in Lake Joseph, and completed his boat by installing its engine, and many were the miles he covered on the Muskoka Lakes before he laid it up. Another side of that vacation pastime was practicing touchtypewriting in his tent.

He was ready from the beginning to take part in the war, although he had never done any soldiering. When he resumed his legal studies in the autumn of 1915, he also joined an officers' training club. He now decided that to get overseas as an officer, would take too long, so he applied for a place on the clerical staff of the reinforcements which his university was gathering to send to her hospital at Cairo. His knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, gave him an immediate entrance. He went to Kingston in January, 1916, taking several of his Toronto friends with him, and enlisted as a private in the C.A.M.C.

He sailed from Canada in March, 1916, with the rank of sergeant, and in twelve days was in the Canadian camp at Shorncliffe, England. Meanwhile the Queen's Hospital was on its way from Egypt to France, and the reinforcements were detailed for immediate duty in several parts of England. For the next twelve months he was busy in the C.A.M.C. Training School and the Military Hospital at Shorncliffe.

From the beginning his ambition was an officer's position. His year's experience with the Medical Service increased this desire, and strengthened his determination to obtain a commission. He said in writing home, that the time had come when every fit, man should change into the combatant He accordingly, early in services. 1917, visited the War Office in London, and applied for a commission in the Royal Flying Corps, and was accepted. In March, 1917, he said goodbye to his Canadian friends, as they left for Queen's Hospital in France, and soon after he made a new circle of friends as he entered the Schools of Military Aeronautics in Oxford's University Buildings, at Christ Church and Brasenose, where he found many other Canadians. In July he left Oxford and proceeded to the

Schools for Actual Flying in Wiltshire, first at Netheravon, and finished at Upavon. His first flight was on the 8th of July, and the five months' course covered five types of machines, ending with what he described in his letters home, as the wonderful S.E. 5. which can fly level at 120 miles an hour and over 200 while dipping. He said that practice in sailing was of value to him and he blessed every hour he had ever spent in a sail boat. In September he was allowed to spend a week end with friends in Oxford. making the seventy-five mile journey by air.

Writing in October,—"I have finished with my beloved Avros, and am now flying a Morane. It is not so steady as an Avro, and will not fly alone. We fly them to perfect ourselves in making landings, as a Morane is the hardest machine to land properly. I have been flying them a week now and seem to have done pretty well. I broke an axle in landing four days ago, but that was a mere nothing. They are small and in the air resemble a fish more than a bird. Yesterday I was up in one for an hour and thirty-five minutes, and during my wanderings about the country went south over Salisbury, and from a height of a mile viewed the old town, and its huge cathedral set in a beautiful yard. Speaking of my damaging my Morane the other day, reminds me that Bird, Hetherington, Hemsworth and I have been responsible for probably \$50,000 damage to machines since we started to fly. My contribution towards this enormous sum has been very small, but doesn't it take your breath away? No one was hurt in any of these crashes."

In another letter he mentioned a visit which Major Bishop paid to the Central Flying School, on his way back to Canada. "He stopped here for a day or two, and on several occasions performed for our benefit on an S.E. 5.

He did nothing, however, that the rest of us cannot do. He quite deserves any fuss that may be made over him at home."

On 24th November, 1917, he and his companion Hemsworth, were sent to the 60th Squadron in France, to an aerodrome 20 miles behind the trenches. At first there was a temporary shortage of machines, and the new-comers were delayed in getting into the air. Writing home on Sunday 9th December, he said, "Since last Sunday I have been waiting, waiting for a flight, and not till last Thursday did I get it. The day was cloudy and the visibility poor." It was a practice flight for him and Hemsworth, and because of weather conditions they for a time lost their bearings. He recites :- "Just our side of the lines I spotted a town which I recognized from the great relief map we had at Oxford. It is a town which has undergone more shelling than any other town during the whole war. never saw such a sight of desolation before. Nothing but shell holes could be seen in all directions. Practically all the buildings were in ruins, and every now and then a shell would burst in the desolate city. I then knew my way back to the aerodrome. and so felt much relieved, as it is most undignified to get lost on one's first trip."

On 16th December, he wrote:— "The past week has been an easy one. I have only been in the air a few times. Quite recently a certain town was under shell fire for two days. On the first fine day after, we sent up machines to a great height in order to catch the Hun airmen who were certain to come over to take photographs of the damage done. Sure enough one solitary Hun came over but. I think he got the fright of his life, for three of our machines chased him all the way back to Hunland, but were unable to bring him down. He didn't get his photographs though."

On the 23rd December, when returning from a patrol, and while coming into the aerodrome, his engine stalled, lost flying speed and fell vertically to the ground with fatal results.

Before proceeding to active service

in France he left a farewell message, which was to be sent home in the event of any serious casualty. The following are extracts from it:—"Going to a Scout Squadron, I am fully aware of the hazardous nature of the work to be done, and the almost certainty of some mishap befalling me sooner or later. Risks and hazards of the R. F. C. may be great, but when one is engaged as a member of a fighting force, it is a consolation to know that he is one of the Senior Service of fighting armies, and as a scout pilot is

probably one of the highest trained and most effective units of the whole army. In addition to this he is a pioneer (for the flying game is still in its infancy) in that branch of the service which will ultimately cause the final downfall of Prussian militarism. If I am killed I should like my family to know, that ever since I enlisted in 1916, my thoughts have ever been with them, and while at times I have been very weary of the war, I have never regretted the step I took in donning uniform."

His remains were interred in a French cemetery near Hazebrouck.

"To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow
In Flanders fields."

GAVE LIFE FOR COUNTRY Jan. 2 1918 — Layrtti Roderick Ward Maclennan, Nephew of H. B. Ward, Died of Wounds in France.

H. B. Ward, president of the Le Roy National Bank, on Thursday received a telegram announcing the death of his nephew, Roderick Ward Maclennan, who was a member of the Royal Flying Squadron in France. According to advices from the war department the young man died on Sunday of wounds he received in action at the front.

The young man was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Roderick J. Maclennan of Toronto and he enlisted in the hospital corps in Canada about two years ago and went to England for training. He

had been honored by being appointed lieutenant and last spring was changed from the hospital corps to the Flying Squadron, and for about a month before his death he had been in France.

Lieutenant Maclennan's mother before her marriage was Miss Jean H. Ward of LeRoy. The young man was born in Toronto 24 years ago and graduated from Queen's University, Kings-He was fitting himton. Ontario. self for law when he enlisted. sides his parents, he leaves a sister, Miss Elizabeth Maclennan of Toronto. He is pleasantly remembered by many Le Royans as in his younger days he spent considerable time at the home of his grandparents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Butler Ward.

# **LEGAL MEN SHOOT** FOR CAWTHRA CUP

D'Arcy Hinds Leads in Aggregate - Two and Five Hundred Yards.

In addition to the Army Service Corps, the Parkdale, Osgoode Hall and Irish Civilian Rifle Clubs were well represented at the Long Branch Ranges on Satur-

W. H. Cawthra has presented two cups to the Osgoode Hall Rifle Association for competition among the members. will be contested at the indoor miniature range in the basement of Osgoode Hall, the aggregate scores made in six shoots to count. The other is for competition at the Long Branch Ranges, the aggreof three shoots regulating

Osgoode Hall Match. The first of these latter shoots took place on Saturday at the 200 and 500place on Saturday at the 200 and 500-yard ranges, the aggregate scoring being as follows: D'Arcy Hinds, 59; R. W. Maclennan, 59; S. C. Wood, 58; Frank M. Gray, 56; J. Gorrie, 54; Dr. John Baldwin, 50; W. D. Gwynne, 49; C. B. Scott, 48; T. Reid, 47; E. R. Lynch, 46; G. R. Sproat, 46; M. Crattan, 44; R. M. Coates 42; A. H. Plant, 41; C. C. Calvin, 40; N. F. Davidson, 39; P. E. F. Smily, 38; Hamilton Cassels, 37; F. Uffen, 34; R. M. Wright, 32; E. Black, 31; R. B. Henderson 29; H. Rose, 24.

The instructors in charge of this association were Sergt.-Major G. Crighton and Staff-Sergts. W. Dow, A. Rose and J. P. White, all of the Queen's Own Riffes.

Rifles.

Total, 588. Cawthra Trophy.

The second series in the match of the Osgoode Hall Rifle Association for the Cawthra Trophy for outdoor shooting also took place on Saturday, the aggregates of two scores being as follows:

Captain B. H. Ardagh, 60; Chas. Evans, 59; R. W. Maclennan, 54; W. H. Cawthra, 52; D. Peplar, 50; E. C. Snider, 50; N. F. Davidson, 50; J. M. Baldwin, 49; Frank M. Gray, 48; M. Crabtree, 42; A. McMurchy, 42; L. H. Baldwin, 35; H. E. Rose, 34; R. A. Behinger, 29 Robinson, 32.

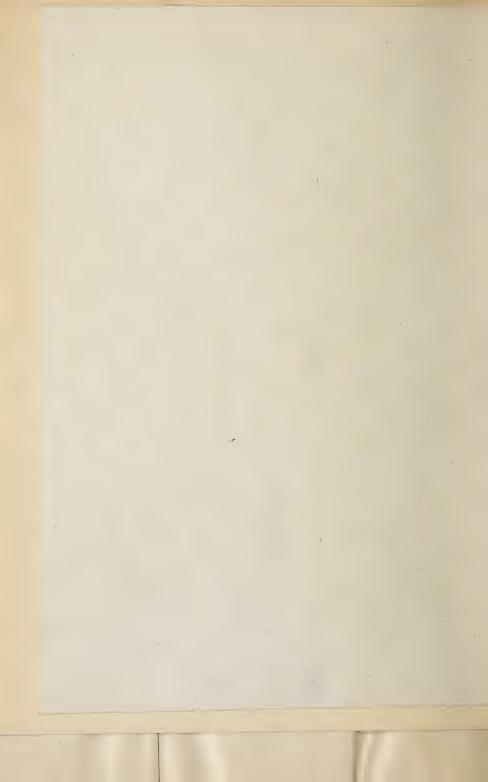
# LAW SCHOOL EXAM. RESULTS SECOND YEAR LIST.

Seventy-three Men Pass Christmas Exams at Osgoode Hall-How They Stand.

The second year results of the Christmas Law School examinations were announced by the secretary of the Law Society to-day. lowing have passed:

G. A. Johnston, R. S. Rodd, M. Rotenberg, J. L. Sheard, R. W. Maclennan, J. I. Hodgins, D. Goodman, J. A. O'Brien, W. T. Sinclair, A. W. Roebuck, A. D. McKenzie, J. E. Corcoran, D. A. Swayze, A. B. Nind, L. G. McAndless, G. L. Rodd, N. M. Rumball, C. C. Calvin, A. J. Trebilcock, N. S. Robertson, L. B. Campbell, J. Driffer J. McKenzie, J. McKenzie, J. B. Campbell, J. Driffer J. McKenzie, D. J. McKenzie, J. Rodd, N. S. Robertson, L. B. Campbell, J. Driffer J. McKenzie, J. R. McKe bell, J. A. Duffy, J. A. R. Mason, H. S. Honsberger, G. H. Lovatt, D. McWilliam, N. S. Chisholm, M. W. Keefer, R. T. Birks, C. W. Anderson, A. J. Duncan, G. McLaughlin, H. H. Beeman, C. E. Bell, E. C. Fetzer, Wm. Hark, C. Beil, E. C. Fetzer, Wh. Horkins, R. D. M. Walter, G. W. G. Gauld, Harry Finkle, H. J. Reynolds, A. J. Donnelly, A. C. Fleming, L. A. Kelly, G. H. Gilday, J. D. Becking, W. M. Smith, J. D. O'Brien, M. McLean, N. R. Kay, J. N. Mulholland, W. F. Wilson, M. Crabtroe, G. S. W. E. Wilson, M. Crabtree, C. S. McKee, M. J. Brennan, E. G. Murphy, J. A. Christilaw, Ross Shepherd, H. E. Wood, A. L. G. Brooks, E. S. Kennedy, A. L. Williams, H. L. Steele, R. G. McClelland, J. C. M. German, A. R. Sproule, W. C. H. Swinburne, H. B. S. Hammond, L. A. Landria, C. A. Mulvihill, A. G. McHugh, H. K. Campbell, P. R. Pococke, A. R. Kinnear.





#### A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

#### THE OCCASION OF THE WAR.

On June 28th, 1914, in Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, with his morganatic wife, was shot by an assassin named Prinzib. The crime took place on Austrian territory, and Prinzib was a native of Bosnia; but the conspiracy, of which this action was the outcome, was part of a wide-spread anti-Austrian agitation in Serbia, and Serbia was held responsible by the Austrian Government.

#### THE AUSTRIAN ULTIMATUM.

For over three weeks no decisive move was taken, and few people believed that war was imminent. But on July 23rd, Austria presented an ultimatum to Serbia, to be accepted or refused within 48 hours. The terms were harsh, but Serbia accepted all, with the exception of one, which was contrary to her constitution and would have meant the cession of her sovereign powers. She asked that this question be referred to the Hague, or to the decision of the powers. Efforts were made by Russia, France and England to come to a peaceful solution of the difficulty; but Austria, backed up by Germany, insisted on her demands and on July 28th, 1914, declared war on Serbia.

#### Russia · Aroused.

The threat of war on Serbia had aroused Russia, and immediately on the presentation of the ultimatum by Austria to Serbia, Russia began to mobilize against Austria. Germany at once protested against this mobilization on the part of Russia, although assured by Russia that there was no threat against her. On July 30th, the German Government made a formal demand on Russia that mobilization cease within 24 hours. During the next two days feverish efforts were made by England and France to avert the threatened cataclysm, but on August 1st, Germany declared war on Russia; and France began to mobilize her forces to come to the aid of her ally.

#### GERMANY ITERVENES.

The German armies were already mobilized, and on August 2nd they entered the neutral state of Luxembourg in order to reach France on a side on which the defenses were less formidable than they were on the Franco-German boundary line. With the same object, Germany, on August 2nd, presented a demand on Belgium that German troops be permitted to pass through the country. If permission was granted, Belgium was assured of compensation and protection by Germany. If refused, Belgium would be treated as an enemy. At 4 p.m., August 3rd, the Belgian Government sent a reply refusing the offer, and German troops crossed the border the same evening.

#### GERMAN PREPARATIONS.

As has become evident since the war began, Germany had plans fully prepared for the war of conquest on which she had embarked. Strategic railways had been constructed to the Belgian border and 26 army corps were immediately available. Of these twenty were concentrated against France, leaving only six to guard against Germany had reckoned that Russian mobilization would take so long that her armies, advancing on France by way of Belgium, would take Paris and crush French resistance before it would be necessary for them to turn against Russia. It was calculated that it would take two months for the full mobilization of the Russian armies, and that Austria could concentrate her forces in Galicia and invade Poland, thus holding the Russians behind the river Bug. In this calculation the Serbian army was left out of the count as negligible.

#### ERRORS IN HER CALCULATIONS.

There were several other errors in the calculation. No resistance had been counted upon from Belgium, and only four days had been allowed for the German troops to reach Brussels. Instead of this, the Belgian resistance at Liège delayed the German march for nearly two weeks, and it was not until August 15th that the last of the forts of Liege fell. Tirlemont was taken on the 17th, and Louvain on the 19th, and it was—August 20th instead of August 6th, when the German troops entered Brussels. The heroic resistance of Belgium to the violation of her neutrality thus gave time for France to prepare, and for British troops to be landed; and so broke up completely the whole German programme of a short war and of progressive victories over her enemies before they could be ready to present a united front against her.

#### POSITION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The second miscalculation concerned Great Britain. The Germans believed that the British were too much pre-occupied with the Irish situation and with internal labour troubles to be willing to enter a foreign war. They also counted upon insurrections in India and South Africa, and a general unwillingness of the Colonies and Dominions to take any part in the quarrels of the mother country. Even allowing for the possibility of Britiain coming into the war they judged it unnecessary to disturb themselves about the "contemptible little army" that she could put into the field. The navy they knew to be formidable, but reckoned on obtaining possession of the French and Belgian coasts, and on uniting the French navy with their own to enable them to make headway against Britain by sea.

#### BRITAIN DECLARES WAR.

Every possible effort was made by Earl Grey to preserve peace, but the British refused to pledge themselves to keep France neutral in a war between Germany and Russia, and further refused to be a party to the violation of Belgium neutrality. Belgium appealed to Britain to safeguard her neutrality on August 3rd, and on August 4th Great Britain declared war on Germany. On the following day a German mine-layer was destroyed by the British cruiser Amphion and on August 6th the Amphion was sunk by a mine with the loss of 131 lives. Two days later, August 8th, the first British forces landed in France.

#### LOYALTY OF THE EMPIRE.

In the meantime there had been other disappointments for the Germans. British labour disputes were postponed in face of the enemy and the loyalty of the British nation was made unmistakably plain. The Dominions and the Colonies also sprang at once to the defence of the Empire, and the Irish difficulties were shown to be by no means so serious as had been imagined. Canada began the mobilization of an expeditionary force on the very day that war was declared, and on August 6th the offer of Canadian troops was accepted by the British Government. Newfoundland made an offer of men on August 10th, and Australia and New Zealand lost no time in following the example set by Canada. Both the British Indian Government and the Princes of the Indian Protectorates offered troops and money, and the unity of the British Empire was seen to be an impressive reality.

#### FRENCH INVADE ALSACE-LORRAINE.

The first movement of the French armies was into Upper Alsace to prevent the passage of German troops over the Rhine. On August 7th Altkirch, Thann and Mulhouse were occupied, and three army corps were sent into Lorraine. On

August 15th, Gen. Joffre took up headquarters in Nancy. The invasion of Alsace-Lorraine occupied two weeks, but by August 22nd, the Germans, coming through Belgium, were threatening Paris and the French armies had to fall back for its defence.

#### The Retreat of Mons.

The Retreat of Mons.

The Allied forces on August 15th consisted of 15 French army corps, 2 British army corps, and 5 Belgian divisions under King Albert. These forces were opposed by vastly greater numbers of Germans under General Von Kluck. The defence of the country between Maubeuge and Mons had been assigned to the British under Sir John French who had 75,000 men defending a 25 mile front. To the west the French territorials had not yet come up, and when the French army on the right was obliged to retire, the British were left as an isolated salient. To save the army, Gen French had to withdraw, although on Aug. 23rd he had been successful in an all-day engagement with the Germans. The retreat began on the evening of August 23rd, and was completed on with the Germans. The retreat began on the evening of August 23rd, and was completed on August 23rd, after covering 64 miles. He was hotly pursued all the time by the Germans whom he hit so hard in rearguard engagements as to cripple their advance and force them to halt for

#### BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

The retreat of the French and British continued The retreat of the French and British continued until September 5th, when, taking advantage of a dangerous move by Von Kluck, Gen. Joffre ordered a general attack. The great battle that followed is known as the Battle of the Marne. It lasted from September 5th to September 9th when Von Kluck ordered a general retreat of the German armies. From September 9th to September 13th the retreat continued, until the Germans had withdrawn for a distance of from 60 to 75 kilowithdrawn for a distance of from 60 to 75 kilometres. The Germans took up defensive positions along the Aisne, and the victory of the Marne put an end to the German advance and to the threat against Paris.

#### THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1915.

Fighting, largely of a desultory character, continued throughout the winter. About the middle of February, Gen. Joffre began a new offensive in Champagne and Lorraine, but after five weeks of fighting, with small but fairly steady gains for the Allies, operations were postponed for lack of ammunition. The British army at this time was finding itself at a disadvantage for lack of fuller supplies of high explosives. The French then turned their attention to the Woevre district, but failed to retake the St. Mihiel salient, which the Commans had early light on Sontamber 21st 1914 Germans had established on September 21st, 1914. In April, Gen. French made an attack on the près front, and on April 21st the British captured Yprès front, and on April 21st the British captured Hill 60, after having mined the enemy's trenches. The Germans immediately launched an attack on the Yprès salient. The beginning of this battle, on April 22nd, is noteworthy for the first use by the Germans of asphyxiating gas. The battle lasted until the 28th, and resulted in some small gains for the Germans. There was furious but indecisive fighting throughout the summer. The use of gas by the Germans enabled them to make some advances in the Yprès region and on July use of gas by the Germans enabled them to make some advances in the Yprès region, and on July 30th, they made use of a new weapon, a fire projector, which again took the Allies by surprise, and won for them a limited success. This was countered on August 9th, by the British capture of La Hoge in an attack in which for the first time the British had a really adequate supply of ammunition. ammunition.

#### RUSSIANS INVADE EAST PRUSSIA.

At the opening of the war the Russian mobiliza-Atthe opening of the war the Russian mobilization had been completed much earlier than had been deemed possible by Germany. On August 2nd, 1914, the vanguard of a Russian army under Gen. Rennenkampf crossed into East Prussia. It was followed on August 7th by the main army and on August 16th the Russians gained the battle of Insterberg. By August 25th, all East Prussia was in Russian hands.

#### BATTLE OF TANNENBERG.

On August 27th, 1914, Hindenburg, who had been put in command on the Eastern front, defeated the Russians under Sansonoff at Tannendeteated the Kussians under Sansonoir at Tannenberg, taking 90,000 prisoners, and practically annihilating the Russian army. On September 28th, Hindenburg met the army of Rennenkampf at Augustova, and suffered a defeat which obliged him to retire west of the Masurian Lakes. He was, however, able to regain possession of East Prussia, which had to be relinquished by the Russians after the defeat of Tannenberg.

#### Brusilof's Successes.

In the meantime Generals Brusilof and Ruszky were threatening Galicia, and on September 3rd they took possession of Lemberg. By September 15th East Galicia was in Russian occupation, and Cracow and Przemysl were threatened. A German army of 1,000,000 men under Hindenberg was sent army of 1,000,000 men under Hindenberg was sent to relieve the pressure on the Austrians. Severe defeats were inflicted on it at Warsaw and Kozienice on October 20th and 27th, and on the Austrians at Sandomier on November 5th. It seemed for the moment as if Germans and Austrians were cleared out of Galicia and Poland. Hindenburg was, however, powerfully reinforced and was joined by Gen. Mackensen.

#### THE EASTERN FRONT IN 1915.

Very active fighting, with varying fortunes, continued all through the winter. On March 22nd, 1915, the Russians took Przemysl, the strongest fortress of Galicia. For several weeks they kept the advantage, but they suffered a severe defeat at the hands of Gen. Mackensen on April 28th to May 2nd. This resulted in the recapture by the Austrians of the whole of Western Galicia. A success by the Russians on May 21st could not be followed up, as the Russian armies had exhausted their ammunition, and further supplies were not forthcoming. Russian armies had exhausted their ammunition, and further supplies were not forthcoming. Through the summer it was all that the Grand Duke Nicholas, who was in supreme command, could do to keep his armies intact. In July the Germans and Austrians had assembled eight armies to oppose the Russians, and on August 4th, Warsaw was captured, after a battle in which the Russians, short of ammunition and supplies, showed the greatest heroism, and held back the enemy long enough to permit the orderly evacuation of the city. Kovno fell on August 16th, and Brest Litovsk on August 25th; but during this interval the Germans had completely failed in an attempt to capture Riga from the sea. attempt to capture Riga from the sea.

#### RUSSIAN RETREAT.

The German advance by land, however, continued, and on September 19th Vilna was taken, and the Russian armies fell back on the Dwina and Dnieper Rivers. On September 5th, the Grand Duke Nicholas had been relieved of his command and september 5th the Grand Duke Nicholas had been relieved of his command that the the Command the Crisch had taken and sent to the Caucasus, and the Czar had taken personal command of the armies.

#### THE WORK OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

From the day that war was declared the British Navy was supreme at sea, and to the end of the war Germany made little serious effort to combat this supremacy. In the first year of the war there were isolated German raiders at large war there were isolated German raiders at large that did considerable damage to commerce, and there was also a small war fleet under Admiral Von Spee, which was destroyed by Admiral Sturdee on December 8th, 1914. But the chief reliance of Germany was on the U-boats, and it was one of the German dreams that the British fleet might be so reduced by U-boat attacks as to bring it down to something like an equality with the German navy. British naval losses through U-boat attacks were, however, small. On September 22nd, 1914, three cruisers, the Cressy, Aboukir and Hogue were sunk in the North Sea. On October 27th the dreadnought Audacious was unk in the Irish Sea, and from time to time there were other isolated losses. But U-boat activity was chiefly directed against mercantile shipping, in an effort "to bring England to her knees" by cutting off her foreign trade.

#### U-BOATS.

The importance of the U-boat activity was twofold: first, its effect on the volume of available
shipping, and, second, its influence on neutral
opinion, and on the diplomacy of the war. The
earlier work of the U-boat was carried on with
some regard for the safety of crews and
passengers, but on May 7th, 1915, the world was
shocked by the news of the torpedoing of the
Lustiania off the coast of Ireland with the loss
of 1,154 lives, including many women and children.
Among the drowned were 102 Americans. On
May 17th, 1915, it was announced in London that
from the beginning of the war Great Britain had
lost 460,268 tons of shipping with 1,556 lives, and
that she had sunk or captured 314,465 tons of
German shipping without the loss of a single life.

#### GALLIPOLI.

During 1915 an attempt was made by the Allies on the peninsula of Gallipoli. On February 19th, a British and French squadron began a naval attack on the Dardanelles forts, and the effort to force a passage through the strait was continued until March 18th, when a determined attack resulted in the loss of three battleships. After this disaster operations were suspended awaiting the landing of an expeditionary force, which was begun on April 28th. Fighting continued through the summer with little success and many losses. On October 18th, Gen. Munro superseded Gen. Ian Hamilton, but the change in command did not improve the situation. Evacuation was begun on December 9th, and completed January 8th, 1916, with small loss, thanks to the protection of the fleet. It is generally conceded that the expedition was badly conceived and that Gen. Hamilton was not sufficiently supported; but it is also contended that it served to relieve pressure on Belgium and France, by diverting strength of the Germans to the Eastern front.

#### AIR RAIDS.

Attacks on Paris from the air began on September 27th, 1914; but no Zeppelin reached England until 1915. There were half a dozen raids on the East Coast between January and the end of May; and, on May 31st, for the first time the Zeppelins reached London in a raid in which four persons were killed. On December 16th, 1914, several German cruisers reached the Yorkshire coast and shelled Scarborough, West Hartlepool and Whitby, killing more than 100 civilians. But except for this exploit, the German navy was kept pretty strictly behind its defenses.

#### GERMAN ATROCITIES-NEW BELLIGERENTS.

It is impossible in so brief a history to give any account of German atrocities from the sack of Louvain on August 24th, 1914, to the sinking of the Lusitania, on May 7th, 1915. But mention must be made of the shooting of Edith Cavell, on October 12th, 1915, for having assisted in the escape of soldiers from Belgium. During 1914, in addition to England, France and Russia, Montenegro had come into the war on the side of the Allies on August 7th, and Japan on August 23rd; while Turkey declared war on Russia on October 29th, and on France and England on November 5th. In October, 1915, Bulgaria also lined herself up with the Teutonic powers, while on May 23rd, 1915, Italy joined the Allies, and declared war on Austria.

#### BATTLE OF VERDUN.

The chief feature on the Western front of the second year of the war was the terrific assault on Verdun by the army of the Crown Prince. A bombardment-of unprecedented intensity was begun on February 19th, 1916, and continued for two days. On the 21st, the German infantry attacked in irresistible masses, the onslaught

sweeping the French back to Côte de Poivre and Vaux, five and a quarter miles northwest of Verdun. All through March the attacks continued. The French yielded slowly, but during these weeks the Germans took Fort Douaumont Feb. 24th, Regneville March 7th, and Malincourt, March 29th. The fighting then centred around Dead Man Hill, which was assailed again and again by the Germans. On April 15th, the French inflicted a severe repulse on the Germans at Dead Man Hill, and from this date the French defence began to stiffen, until on May 22nd, 1916, Gen. Joffre delivered a counter-attack and retook Fort Douaumont. It was, however, retaken by the Germans on May 24th, and all through June the Crown Prince persisted in his attacks around Verdun.

#### BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

Early in July, 1916, an offensive was begun by the Anglo-French forces on the Somme, and the Verdun battle drew to a close. The Allied offensive was begun with a heavy bombardment which lasted several days. On July 1st an attack was begun on a front of 40 kilometres, with Peronne and Bapaume as the objects. In two weeks the Allied armies advanced or a front of 10½ miles to a depth of 6 miles, and took about 22,000 prisoners. On July 15th the Germans counterattacked without much success. The Allied advance continued, though at a slower pace, and on July 26th the British took Pozières. On September 26th, the French entered Combles, a German military base at the eastern end of the ridge north of the Somme, and the same day the British took Thiepval. The battle for the ridge was memorable for the first employment by the British of armoured tanks. There was some further advance in October, the British reaching Le Sars, four miles from Bapaume, on October 4th, and the French taking Sailly-Saillisel on the 18th. But bad weather made further fighting difficult, and the Battle of the Somme came to an end by the middle of November, with losses estimated at 700,000 men, and 130 heavy guns for the Germans and 600,000 casualties for the Allies.

#### THE RUSSIAN FRONT IN 1916.

All through the winter of 1915-1916 the Russian army remained on the defensive, faced by comparatively weak Austro-German forces. The Germans made a feeble attempt to capture Riga in February, 1916, but it was not until June, 1916, that the Russian armies were ready again to take the offensive. The diversion was necessary in order to relieve the pressure at Verdun, and on June 6th, General Brusilof, now in command of the Russian left wing, began active operations by the capture of Lutsk. The advance continued in Bukowina and Eastern Galicia through June, and Kolomea was captured on June 30th. On July 1st, the Russian war office announced that between June 4th and June 30th, 217,000 prisoners had been captured, an announcement which was countered from Berlin by the statement that the Russians had lost in June, in killed alone, over 262,000 men. In July, the Russians under Gen. Kaledines pushed into Volhynia as far as the Stokhod River. The Russian advance continued through July and August. The results achieved included an advance on a front of 250 miles to a depth of from 20 to 60 miles; the conquest of the provinces of Bukowina and a considerable part of Galicia and Volhynia, and the capture of 358,000 prisoners. The cessation of the advance was attributed to lack of guns and munitions.

#### ITALY ENTERS THE WAR.

Italy declared war on May 23rd, 1915, and completed her mobilization on June 24th. Her troops at once occupied the Trentino Passes, and sustained the first Austrian offensive on June 24th. Through the latter half of 1915, much of the fighting centred around Gorizia. On July 28th, the Italians repulsed a determined attack at this part of the line, made by an Austrian army of 170,000. In August the Italians took the offensive against

Trent and Trieste. No signally important results were obtained, although some progress was made, and the Italians showed their engineering ability by their fortification of dominant peaks.

#### AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE AGAINST ITALY.

In May, 1916, just a year from the Italian declaration of war, the Austrians began an offensive in the Trentino section, in which were massed 16 or more Austro-Hungarian divisions. The Italians were swept back with rapidity, and by the middle of June the Austrians had regained 270 square miles of Austrian territory and conquered 230 square miles of Italy. About June 17th, the Austrians were obliged to slow down, as Austrian divisions had to be withdrawn to meet the Russian offensive. At the same time the Italians were strongly reinforced, and the Austrian army, which was threatening Vicenza by a descent between Asiago and Arsiero, was thrown back in confusion at Sette Communi. On June 26th, the Italians recaptured Asiago, and on the 27th Arsiero and Vicenza was relieved of the threat. There was a pause on both sides through July, but the Italian advance recommenced in August. On August 4th the Italians stormed and took Monte San Michele, and on August 9th they entered Gorizia, taking 15,000 prisoners. During the remainder of the year they made some small advances on the well fortified Carso Plateau which lay between them and Trieste.

#### SERBIA CONQUERED.

The first consequence of Bulgaria's entry into the war was the conquest of Serbia. Austro-German and Bulgarian forces entered Serbia on October 6th, 1915. Uskub was taken on October 25th, and Tchatchak, the new Serbian capital on the 2nd of November. By the end of November the shattered Serbian army had withdrawn into Montenegro, and Monastir was captured on December 2nd.

#### SALONIKI-ROUMANIA.

A small Franco-British army of about 200,000 men, under Gen. Sarrail, had been landed in Saloniki in October. But it was too weak to be of use to Serbia, and after vainly endeavouring to come to her aid, it entrenched itself in Saloniki. A Serbian army of about 125,000 men which had made its way into Greece, was reorganized and transferred to Saloniki. The conquest of Montenegro rapidly followed that of Serbia. Cetinje, the capital, was taken on January 18th, 1916. The Austrians then pressed on into Albania and compelled the Italians to evacuate Durazzo on Feb. 26th. Gen. Sarrail's force in Saloniki remained idle throughout 1916, in spite of the fact that Roumania, which declared war on August 27th, 1916, was rapidly conquered by Field-Marshal Hindenburg and General Mackensen. The Roumanians had invaded Transylvania immediately after their declaration of war. They took Kronstadt on August 30th, and their successes continued until the middle of September, when Gen. von Falkenhayn rapidly brought up an army and swept the Roumanians back in confusion. Transylvania was cleared of Roumanians by October 15th, and Roumania was invaded both from the north and the south. Bucharest was captured on December 6th, and by the end of 1916 the whole of Roumania's great resources were at the disposal of the Teutonic powers.

#### U-BOAT WARFARE.

To meet the danger of the U-boats the Allies began in the winter of 1915-16 to arm their merchant vessels. Germany replied to this step with the declaration that after March 1st, 1916, all such armed vessels would be considered warships and sunk without warning. On May4th, however, yielding to American pressure, the German Government promised that the safety of passengers and crews on unresisting vessels should be provided for before such vessels were sunk. In July, 1916, Great Britain formally set aside the

Declaration of London and greatly increased the stringency of the blockade of Germany. The German reply to these stricter measures was the declaration of January, 1917, that after February 1st the submarines would sink all vessels without distinction or warning that entered the war zone established around the British Isles.

#### BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

The most important naval engagement of the war took place on May 31st, 1916, when the German Grand Fleet was engaged by Admiral Beatty off the coast of Jutland. Losses were very heavy on both sides. The British lost the battle cruisers Queen Mary, Indefatigable, and Invincible, the armoured cruisers Defence, Warrior, and Black Prince, and eight destroyers, a total tonnage of 114,100. The Germans conceded the loss of one battle cruiser, the Lützow, one older battleship, the Pommern, four cruisers, the Wiesbaden, Frauenlob, Elbing, and Rostock, and five torpedo boats. The tonnage of these vessels was 60,720, with 2,863 men. The British loss in men was 6,617. The British Admiral computed the German losses at a much higher figure—about equal to the losses sustained by Great Britain. As a result of the battle, the German fleet withdrew to its base, which it afterwards refused to leave to try its fate in open battle. On June 5th the cruiser Hampshire, which was taking Lord Kitchener to Russia, was sunk near the Orkney Islands, and Lord Kitcherer was drowned.

#### AERIAL WARFARE.

Aeroplanes and balloons were used from the time war was declared, both for observation and for bombarding; but the number engaged on both sides was enormously increased as the months went on. During the earlier years, the Germans placed great confidence in their Zeppelins, especially as a means of terrorizing civilian populations and destroying enemy morale through frightfulness. The Allies made a large use of aeroplanes in connection with enemy troop movements, as well as in bombarding strongly fortified centres. In January and February, 1915, both Essen and Metz were bombed from Allied aeroplanes, and on February 2nd, 1916, 17 French planes raided the Bulgarian camps near the Greek frontier, killing 470 and wounding 500 of the soldiers. On March 20th, 1916, there was one of the earliest attacks in force by the Allied airmen, when 65 planes bombed towns on the Belgian coast. The first instance of another form of air activity was given in June, 1916, when a French aviator flew from Lorraine to Poland and dropped leaflets of a propaganda nature on Berlin.

# THE WESTERN FRONT IN THE WINTER OF 1916-17.

On the Western front, the battle of the Somme had come to an end by the 18th of November, 1916. During the course of this battle so many German troops had been drawn from the region around Verdun to strengthen the lines on the Somme, that an opportunity for a counterstroke was given to the French. On October 22nd, General Nivelle began an offensive in which much territory taken by the Germans in the spring was regained, culminating in the capture of Vaux on November 5th, 1916. As a reward for this success, General Nivelle was named on December 11th Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies, General Joffre being honourably retired with the title of Marshal of France. Four days later, December 15th, Gen. Nivelle made another advance and Fort Douaumont was retaken on December 18th. Active fighting continued through the winter of 1916-17, with varying success, but generally in favour of the Allies, and on March 15th the Germans began a retirement along the line from Noyon to Arras. On March 16th the British entered Bapaume, and March 18th, Peronne. During this first week forty villages were occupied by the British, and cavalry was brought into action

in pursuit of the Germans. South of the Somme the French advanced on March 20th to within five miles of St. Quentin, and about equally near to La Fère, By the end of March, 1917, the Anglo-French armies had retaken from the Germans 1,000 square miles of territory, most of which had been laid utterly desolate and its inhabitants carried off into slavery.

#### THE HINDENBURG LINE.

The Germans then attempted to make a halt on the Hindenburg line, which had been strongly fortified in preparation for this stand. But the Anglo-French armies again attacked, in what was known as the second battle of Arras. To the north-east at Vimy Ridge, on April 9th, 1917, the Canadians made a furious onslaught, losing 5,000 men but succeeding, with the aid of numerous tanks, in capturing the ridge and descending into the suburbs of Lens. The battle lasted through April, the British capturing 19,300 prisoners, and gaining a depth of five miles on an eight mile front. In the meantime the French had driven the Germans back across the Aisne River, capturing 20,000 prisoners. A further advance was made in May, the French capturing Craonne on May 4th. On June 7th the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge, overlooking Yprès, was blasted out of existence by mines, nineteen of which had been cautiously constructed under the enemy defenses.

#### ALLIED SUCCESSES.

Gathering all possible reinforcements, the Germans counter-attacked in the latter part of June; but on July 31st the British and French troops in a sudden advance regained ten villages near Yprès. There were further gains in August and September on both French and English fronts, and on October 25th a French offensive won for the Allies the Chemin des Dames and carried the front to the Oise Canal on the Aisne. On November 6th the British—largely through Canadian troops—won the Passchendaele Ridge, which dominates the plain of Roulers. A surprise attack by General Byng, preceded by tanks and followed up with cavalry, broke through the German lines at Cambrai. There were violent counter-attacks by the Germans at the end of November, which resulted in partial success; but bad weather put an end to major operations, thus leaving the Allies at the end of the year in possession of a large amount of territory won back from the Germans, and of a preponderating number of prisoners.

#### Russia in 1917.

There was little activity on the Russian front in the winter of 1916-17, after the close of General Brusilof's drive of June 4th—August 18th, 1916. The Russian army was short of food, guns, ammunition and every kind of supply, and the tide of political unrest in Russia was already affecting the temper of the soldiers. On November 24th, Count Sturmer, the Russian Premier, was succeeded by Trepov, a change which produced no increase of confidence in the Czar's Government. On January 9th, 1917, Trepov was succeeded by Golitzine, a bureaucrat and a reactionary, but a man of power and determination. On January 18th, Gen. Shuvayev, the Minister of War, and the one man in the Cabinet who was trusted by the people, was dismissed and the post was given to Gen. Beliaev, a member of the military clique to which was attributed the gross mismanagement of the Russian military preparations for the war. Most unpopular of all the ministers was Protopopov, Minister of the Interior. It was believed that, intending to bring about an aristocratic coup d'etat, Protopopov deliberately created a food shortage, conceiving that the riots which were sure to follow would create an excuse for the dissolution of the Duma and the restoration of the reactionary aristocracy, and the negotiation of a separate peace.

#### REVOLUTION BEGINS.

The food rioting began on March 11th, and the Duma was immediately prorogued. But when the troops were ordered to fire on the mobs, they refused and regiment after regiment went over to the side of the people. A provisional government was set up, and on March 15th, 1917, the Czar offered his own abdication and that of his son in favour of his brother Michael. The Grand Duke Michael refused the Crown, and a revolutionary cabinet under Prince Lvov was set up. The Cabinetsoon came under the influence of Kerensky, the Minister of Justice, who became Minister of War, May 17th, and Premier, July 19th. Through the summer the power of the more extreme revolutionists or Bolsheviki steadily increased, and there were several reconstructions of the Cabinet with a view to conciliating these elements. On August 2nd Kerensky offered his resignation, but was recalled, and resumed office with a new cabinet of five members. On September 14th, 1917, Russia was declared a republic. By this time Trotsky and Lenine had come forward as the leaders of the Bolsheviki. The attitude of the Bolsheviki became more threatening; and on November 8th, they seized Petrograd and gave a pledge to the people to seek immediate peace. Kerensky in command of the loyal Russian army tried to put down this new revolution, but on November 16th it was announced that he had been defeated and that the Bolsheviki under Trotsky and Lenine controlled the government.

#### THE RUSSIAN DISINTEGRATION.

In the meanwhile the Russian army, demoralized by hunger, shortage of supplies and peace propaganda, had by the end of July retreated out of Galicia and Bukowina. The Roumanians, who had trusted to Russian aid, were pushed beyond the Sereth. The Germans did not greatly push their advantage, trusting to the effect of the Bolshevik propaganda. On the other hand, they found it unnecessary to keep large numbers of troops on the Russian front and were able to send most of their forces to aid on the Western front and in Italy. At the close of the year, December 18th, an armistice, to last 28 days, was arranged—an armistice which was later prolonged until February, 1918.

#### ITALIAN SUCCESS AND DISASTER.

The first eight months of 1917 were characterized on the Italian front by a continued deadlock. On August 19th the Italians began an advance towards the Isonzo which was continued to the end of the month, and in which the Italians crossed the river and advanced two miles beyond it, taking about 10,000 prisoners. This success was followed by the capture of Monte Santo and Monte Gabriele on August 29th. Meantime the Austrians, reinforced by troops withdrawn from the Russian front, were threatening the Isonzo, and on October 24th they launched an attack between Tolmino and Plezzo. This movement had been preceded by clever propaganda work which had undermined the morale of one of the Italian armies, and between October 24th and 31st the Italians were driven out of the Bainsizza Plateau, Gorizia was recaptured by the Austrians and the Italians were forced back on the Tagliamento, and finally to the Piave.

#### ITALIAN RECOVERY.

There they made a stand. General Diaz was: put in command of the Italian armies instead of Gen. Cadorna. Allied reinforcements were sent from France and the morale of the armies was restored. In November the Teuton forces made another attack on the Piave, threatening Venice, and on November 18th the Piave was crossed at one point. The Italian lines held, and on Nov. 17th, 1917, the Teutons were driven back across the river with the loss of 1,000 prisoners. The area around Venice had been flooded, the Allied fleet came to the aid of Italy and the British and

French sent artillery units to the Italian front. The Italian positions on the Piave were consolidated, and in counter-attacks towards the end of November, 1917, the Italians won back Monte Tomba. Another attack on Monte Asolone in the middle of December drove back the Austrians from that approach to Venice. Through the remainder of the winter the fighting was chiefly confined to artillery duels and aeroplane contests, but the Austrians gained no further advantage.

#### PROVOKING THE UNITED STATES.

Friction between the United States and Germany began early in the war. On February 15th, 1915, after the proclamation by Germany of a blockaded zone around the British Isles, President Wilson sent a note to Germany in which he stated that Germany would be held to "strict accountability" for American lives. On March 10th, the German auxiliary cruiser Prince Eitel Friedric came into Newport News bringing the crew of the William P. Frye which had been sunk by her. On March 28th, occurred the sinking of the Falaba with the loss of one American, and on May 1st the American steamer Gulflight was torpedoed off the Scilly Islands. These offences were, how ever, entirely overshadowed on May 7th by the torpedoing of the Lusitania, when 102 Americans were drowned. The interchange of notes continued through the summer, varied on July 24th by the receipt of an Austrian note protesting against the export of munitions to the Allies. On August 19th, the Arabic was sunk with the loss of 54 lives, and on November 9th an Austrian submarine torpedoed the Ancona, when nine Americans were among the 209 drowned. The loss of the Persia with two Americans on December 30th, was the last of these events in 1915. In the meantime evidence was accumulating of German and Austrian interference in American domestic affairs, and the promotion by German agents of strikes and acts of destruction to hinder the export of munitions. On December 3rd, 1915, the State Department demanded of Germany the recall of Boy-Ed and Von Papen, who were attached to the Germany Embassy, for their complicity in these disturbances.

#### GROWING IRRITATION.

Throughout 1916 the irritation of the United States continued. At the beginning of the year came the controversy over the right of merchant ships to arm for defence, which was upheld by the United States Government on Feb. 15th, when President Wilson informed Germany that she would be held accountable for the life of any American travelling on an armed vessel. On March 24th, the Sussex, a Channel passenger steamer, was torpedoed with the loss of 25 Americans. On May 5th, however, the German Government gave way and promised that no unresisting merchant vessels should be sunk without giving the passengers and crew a chance of escape. On December 18th, President Wilson addressed a note to all the belligerents expressing the hope that they would soon find occasion to define their Peace terms, and offering the co-operation of the United States was becoming increasingly warlike, and the German note of February 1st, 1917, establishing a zone around all enemy countries, and declaring intention of sinking every vessel within that zone, made war practically inevitable.

#### UNITED STATES ENTERS THE WAR.

Diplomatic relations with Germany were severed the following day, and Ambassador Gerard was withdrawn from Berlin. On February 7th, 1917, the California was sunk off the coast of Ireland, and the Turino, with one American, was toppedoed on February 8th. On February 25th the Laconia was sunk with the loss of several Americans. American feelings at this time were also outraged by the revelation of an intrigue

between Germany and Mexico, in which Mexico was promised a slice of the United States if she would go to the assistance of Germany. On April 2nd, 1917, Congress was called in extraordinary session, and the President, appearing in person, asked for a declaration of war, and the resolution formally declaring that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany was passed by Congress and signed by the President on April 6th, 1917. Diplomatic, relations with Austria were severed on April 8th, and with Turkey on April 20th.

#### U. S. AID TO THE ALLIES.

At this time it seemed probable that the war might terminate early in favour of the Allies, and it was thought that the co-operation of the United States might be limited to the supply of munitions and loans of money to the Allies. A \$7,000,000,000 bond issue was authorized at once by Congress, and of this three billions were advanced to the Allies. A destroyer flotilla was sent to Europe under Rear-Admiral Sims, and reached the submarine zone on May 4, 1917. The regular army and the national guard were authorized to be brought to their full strength of 293,000 and 400,000 respectively by voluntary enlistment, and a law providing for a selective draft was passed by Congress and signed by the President, May 18th, the age being fixed at from 21 to 30 years. General Pershing and his staff arrived in Paris on June 13th, and the first American contingent landed in France on June 26th.

#### U.S. ENGINEERS AND TROOPS SENT.

In an effort to aid the new Government of Russia to rehabilitate that country, the United States in May sent a mission to Petrograd, headed by Mr. Elihu Root, and at the same time a group of railroad men to get the transport system of Russia into working order. American engineers were also despatched to France to help in the construction of light railroads behind the lines. A group of these Americans, caught behind in the German advance in November, 1917, dropped their picks and shovels and shouldered rifles to help the British hold the line. During the first six months that the Americans were in France the troops were either occupied in training or were given quiet sections of the line to hold. In 1918, the Americans were at first brigaded with the British and French, and it was not until August, 1918, that the First American Field Army was organized under General Pershing. From this moment the Americans took a prominent part in operations on the Western front, and by the end of the war 2,053,347 American men had been sent overseas, the number of combatants actually in France being 1,338,169. American troops were also despatched in August, 1918, to Siberia, to join the Alleis in the movement against the Bolsheviki.

#### GERMANY GAINS STRENGTH.

During the winter of 1917-18 it became clear that events in Russia were turning immensely to the advantage of the Germans, who were able to withdraw their troops from the Russian front, and who also obtained the reinforcement due to the return of German prisoners from Russia. In March, 1918, the Germans were ready for an offensive on the Western front, and although the Allies were aware that an attack was impending, the greatness and the force of the offensive took them by surprise. The attack was planned to break the juncture between the French and the British, and it was estimated that there were 800,000 Germans engaged in this great assault. The first push took place on March 21st, 1918, after the greatest gas bombardment of the war, and was directed towards Amiens. The British were compelled to retreat towards Arras and Crozon, and the British centre was forced across the Somme, leaving an opening between the Somme and the Oise. Fortunately the German cavalry sent to turn the English right, was met just in time by French cavalry sent to fill the gap.

# GERMANS REACH FURTHEST POINT OF ADVANCE.

The German advance continued on March 24th and 25th, but was halted on the 26th by French troops relieving the British. There were fresh attacks on March 28th to 31st, during which Noyon, Bapaume, Albert and Mondidier had to be evacuated. On April 1st the Germans were within six miles of the railroad from Amiens to Paris. But on March 28th, Gen. Foch had been put in supreme command of the whole of the Allied forces. The Americans under Pershing were called into action, and the Allied armies prepared to hold the line. The German advance nevertheless continued at a slower pace up to the middle of April, with the Germans in possession of Neuve Eglise and wedged between Messines and Givenchy, threatening Yprès and Calais. On April 26th the Germans were within two miles of Yprès, but on the 29th they received a check in this region after suffering severe losses. From that time until the end of May the fighting was reduced to incessant raids and local modifications of the Allies' lines. On May 27th, the Germans, under the command of Ludendorf struck again, this time between Rheims and Soissons, and by the 31st they, had reached the Marne, after taking Soissons, and 45,000 prisoners. On June 2nd, they had reached Chateau Thierry and were within 40 miles of Paris. During this advance the Germans had from time to time bombarded Paris with long range guns. The first of these bombardments was on March 21st, but the most disastrous was on Good Friday, March 29th, when the Church of St. Gervais, filled with worshippers was struck by a shell. The advance of June 2nd brought the Germans to the nearest point to Paris reached in the offensive of 1918.

#### THE TIDE TURNS.

In the days that followed the American troops had a share in repulsing the Germans. On June 4th they helped in checking the German advance at Chateau Thierry, and on June 6th and 7th they pushed the Germans back two miles on a front of six miles near Torcy. On June 9th the Germans made a desperate effort to widen the Montdidier salient. But the offensive was coming to an end. The French troops not only held but gradually improved their lines, and a German attack near Compiègne on June 13th was repulsed with enormous loss to the attackers.

#### FOCH'S COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.

There was a pause on the part of the Germans until July 15th, when after an artillery bombardment the Germans attacked on a 60 mile front east and west of Rheims. The Germans succeeded in crossing the Marne at several points and also re-occupied Chateau Thierry. But in general the lines of the Allies held, and on July 18th, Gen. Foch made a great counter-offensive between the Aisne and the Marne. This was the beginning of the great advances by the Allies which characterized the months of August, September and October. Gradually the whole of the salient between Rheims and Soissons was eliminated, and on August 2nd the Allies entered Soissons and the Germans were pushed back on the Aisne River.

#### ALLIED ADVANCE.

On August 8th, the British and French began an attack further north at Albert. On August 22th, the French entered Noyon and the British took Bapaume, and on September 1st the Australians in a sweeping attack took possession of Peronne. As the British-French advance continued towards Cambrai, the German General Staff removed its Headquarters from Spa, Belgium, to Verbiers, 14 miles east of Liège. By September 8th, the British had in large part reached the line of defenses they had occupied before the German offensive of the spring, and on September 12th and 13th, the St. Mihiel salient was wiped out by the First American army, with

the capture of 20,000 prisoners. On September 29th, Bellecourt was captured by the Americans, and on October 1st the French were in St. Quentin, whence the Germans had taken all the inhabitants leaving the city desolate.

#### SUCCESS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

All through October, 1918, the successful advance of the Allied armies continued. St. Quentin was occupied on October 2nd, and Lens, October 3nd. On October 8th and 9th the British, after a fierce battle drove the Germans out of Cambrai. The French took Laon on October 13th, and Lille and Douai were won back for France on October 17th. The Belgian coast was cleared of Germans by October 19th, and by the end of October French soil was nearly free from the enemy, while the process of driving the Germans out of Belgium was proceeding ever more rapidly. On November 6th, the American army captured Sedan, and only the complete acceptance by Germany on November 11th, 1918, of the armistice terms dictated by the Allies saved Germany from a final disastrous rout.

#### RUSSIAN PEACE.

At the expiration of the Russo-German armistice, the Teutons again began an advance into Russia in February, 1918. But the Russians were in no position to continue the war and the delegations again assembled at Brest, and on March 3rd, 1918, a peace, the Brest-Litovsk treaty, was signed between the Central Powers and Russia. By this peace the Russians gave up Kurland, Poland and Lithuania, and evacuated Finland and Ukraine. The signing of the peace did not bring peace to the peoples of these countries. Civil war between the Reds and the White Guards continued in Finland where the White Guards were reinforced by Germans. In the Ukraine the peasants were soon in open revolt against German attempts to secure 85 per cent. of the Ukrainian grain crop.

#### THE CZECHOSLOVAKS.

But the most serious trouble for the Central Powers grew out of the action of the Czechoslovaks—Austrian troops that had surrendered to Gen. Brusilof during his drive into Galicia and had been armed by him to fight against Austria. When demobilization was ordered the Bolshevist Government agreed to allow these troops to cross Siberia to join the Allies. It then changed its mind and the Czechoslovaks had to fight their way to Vladivostock. On July 26th they captured Simbirsk, 600 miles east of Moscow, and on August 1st took Yekaterinburg. In Western Siberia they mobilized the inhabitants at Omsk and Kurghan, and an army reached the Black Sea on July 30th and liberated thousands of Italian and Roumanian war prisoners. On July 23rd they had established a provisional government at Omsk, and on August 3rd, President Wilson announced that the United States would coperate with the Allies and the Czechoslovak troops in Russia. On August 13th, the Czechoslovaks were recognized by Great Britain as a nation and as a belligerent power, and they were similarly recognized by the United States on September 3rd. During the summer of 1918, British, Japanese, and French troops had been landed in Siberia and at first they met with little opposition. In September, however, opposition became more pronounced, and on September 19th, Baku in Transcaucasia had to be evacuated by the British.

#### THE ITALIAN FRONT IN 1918.

During the winter of 1917-18 the fighting on the Italian front was chiefly confined to the air and artillery duels. The Italians gained some successes in February, but the spring months were characterized by a steady reinforcement of the Austrian lines, evidently in preparation for an attack. The attack began on June 15th, when the Austrians attacked from the Asiago to the Adritude of 100 miles. With the exception of a few very slight advances the Austrians were

held or repulsed all along the line, and later in counter-attacks they were driven out of the territory between the Brenta and Piave.

#### ITALIAN SUCCESSES.

In October there was another advance by the Italians and the British, French and American troops which were with them. There were minor successes, in local assaults, through the earlier part of the month, and on October 23rd and 24th British and Italian troops forced a passage over the Piave river. There were fierce attacks about the same time in the mountains, and on October 27th, Monte Pertica was captured from the Austrians. By October 31st the retreat of the Austrians was becoming almost a rout—50,000 prisoners and 300 guns had been captured. Three days later the total number of prisoners taken had been swelled to 100,000 and of guns to 2,200. At this juncture the Austrian Government gave in. An armistice, including Austria only, was signed on November 3rd, 1918. Its terms left the Austrians powerless to continue or resume the war, and Germany was left for a few days longer to face the Allies absolutely alone.

#### BULGARIA GIVES IN.

About the end of May, 1918, active fighting began on the Macedonian front. The Allied troops —Serbian, British, French, Italian and Greek—were opposing Bulgarians and Austrians, with some stiffening of Germans. In an offensive in July the Allies captured Fieri, July 9th, and Berat, July 12th. The advance was resumed in force in September, and on September 19th the Bulgars were driven in flight across the Cerna River. The retreat became a rout, and on September 23rd it was announced that 11,000 prisoners and 140 guns had been captured. On September 30th, 1918, Bulgaria agreed to an armistice, under which she was to evacuate all Greek and Serbian territory; demobilize her armies; surrender all means of transport, including boats and control of navigation; concede free passage through her territory to the Allies; store all arms and ammunition under control of the Allies, and permit the occupation of important strategic points.

#### PALESTINE RESCUED FROM THE TURK.

The year 1918 also saw considerable successes in the fighting against the Turks. In 1916 a British expedition under General Townshend had been sent up the Tigris towards Bagdad. It reached Ctesiphon, but was obliged to fall back, retreating over 100 miles in seven days. At Kut-el-Amara General Townshend was surrounded and besieged by the Turks. Relief expeditions were pushed up the Tigris to within gunshot of the city; but on April 28th, 1916, General Townshend was forced by hunger to capitulate, with 2,970 British and 6,000 Indian troops. On February 26th, 1917, this disaster was avenged by General Maude, who recaptured Kut, and on March 11th made a triumphal entry into Bagdad. Another British army, in 1917, after repelling a Turkish attack on the Suez Canal, struck into Palestine, and on March 26th to 27th defeated a Turkish force, inflicting great losses, at Gaza. On June 29th General Allenby assumed command. Jaffa was taken on November 18th, and Jerusalem in February, 1918, and gradually the British occupied the whole of Southern Palestine. On September 22nd General Allenby took Nazareth, and marched on to the Jordan. The Sea of Galilee was reached September 25th, and Damascus fell to the British early in October. As soon as it was evident that Palestine would be cleared of Turks, the Allies Jewish nation in the ancestral home of their race.

#### THE COLLAPSE OF TURKEY.

October which proved so disastrous for Austria and Bulgaria, was no less so for Turkey. During the early part of the month the conquest of Palestine was completed. On October 2nd, 1918,

Damaseus was captured, and the Arabs who had loyally seconded the efforts of the British were recognized by the Allies as co-beligerent. On October 11th, the Allied fleet entered the port of Beirut and found that it had been evacuated by the Turks. In Mesopotamia the Turks suffered a series of disastrous defeats, culminating in engagements on the banks of the Tigris, October 24th and 30th, in which 7,000 prisoners were taken. The collapse of Bulgaria left Turkey open to attack on that frontier, and General Townshend who had been held prisoner since the fall of Kut, was despatched as an emissary to the British to take the plea of the Turks for an armistice. An armistice was signed on October 31st, 1918. The terms were equivalent to full surrender by Turkey, and the second of the Allies of Germany dropped out of the fight.

#### U-BOAT DESTRUCTION.

In 1917 the destruction of merchant shipping by the U-boats became a distinct menace to the Allies. Up to the issue of the German declaration of unrestrained U-boat destruction on February 1st, it was estimated that the total destruction of shipping by U-boats and mines had been 2,400 ships of a total tonnage of 4,000,000. During the first five months of the new warfare the destruction amounted to 3,160,000 tons. The threat was met by elaboration of means of defence and of destruction of the U-boats, and by the use of convoys; and also by increased ship-building, in which the United States became particularly prominent in 1918. By July, 1918, the construction of new vessels had more than caught up with the destruction effected by the U-boats, and an official statement given out in Washington, on September 22nd, 1918, estimated the net loss of tonnage by the Allies and neutrals from the beginning of the war at 3,362,088. One method of meeting the danger of the submarine was the attempted blocking of their bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend—a feat which was effected by the British on April 22nd, 1918. In 1918 great efforts were made to check the landing of American troops in Europe by the torpedoing of their transports, and in July and August German submarines appeared off the coast of the United States. The neutral powers suffered from submarine activity almost as much as the Allies, and on August 8th Spain announced her intention to confiscate enough of the German ships interned in her ports to make good her losses through German submarines.

#### GERMAN ATROCITIES.

In this brief history of the war no attempt has been made to chronicle the atrocities perpetrated by the German and Austrian forces, or the gross breaches of international law of which they were guilty. But the heavy oppression of conquered territory, the taking and shooting of hostages, the murder of civilians, including women and children, the forcing of men and women into slavery, the outraging of women and girls and awarding of them to the soldiers in systematic fashion, the bombing of undefended towns and of hospitals, the torpedoing of hospital ships, and all other forms of frightfulness must be taken into account in judging of the attitude of the civilized world towards the Teutonic Powers. The sinking of the S.S. Leinster on October 11th, 1918, with the loss of over 451 lives was one of the latest of these atrocities—an atrocity which nearly equalled the torpedoing of the Lusitania in May, 1915. The Leinster was a mail and passenger steamer plying between Kingston and Holyhead; it was crowded with passengers and carried many women and children. It sank within fifteen minutes after being hit.

#### NATIONS AT WAR WITH GERMANY.

At the beginning of October, 1918, eleventwelfths of the human race were involved in the war. The countries that were or had been at war with Germany and Austria were:—Belgium, Brazil, China, Cuba, France, with her colonies, including Algeria and Madagascar; Great Britain and

her dominions and colonies, including Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India; Greece, Italy and her colonies, including Morocco; Japan, Liberia, Montenegro, Panama, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, San Marino, Serbia, Siam, and the United States. The estimated population of all these countries exceeded fourteen hundred millions.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR.

#### GERMANY'S POLITICAL CHANGES.

On October 4th, 1918, a change of policy on the part of Germany was signified by the appointment of Prince Max of Baden, as Imperial Chancellor, and by the association with him in the government of two Socialist deputies. On October 5th in his first speech to the Reichstag, the new Chancellor announced the programme of the government. This included ministerial responsibility to the majority in the Reichstag; the introduction of representatives of the working classes into the government; the restoration of Belgium; the setting up of Alsace-Lorraine as an independent federal state; readiness on the part of Germany to revise peace treaties already concluded; and willingness to join in a league of nations for the future preservation of peace.

#### INTERCHANGE OF PEACE NOTES.

At the same time Germany addressed a note to President Wilson, asking him to take steps for the restoration of peace, and for the immediate conclusion of a general armistice. A similar request was also made by Austria, and an overture from Turkey, received a few days later, was evidently intended as part of the same peace offensive. The President's reply was dated October 8th. In it he asked for the exact meaning of the German note; stated that he would not feel at liberty to propose an armistice to the Allies while German armies were on their soil, and asked whether the Chancellor was speaking for the constituted authorities of the Empire who had so far conducted the war.

#### PRESIDENT WILSON WARNS GERMANY.

The German reply was dated October 12th. It stated that the German Government accepted the principles laid down by President Wilson on January 8th, 1918, and in later addresses; that it was ready to comply with the conditions laid down in regard to evacuation of the territory of the Allies; and that the Chancellor spoke for the German people as represented by the majority in the Reichstag. President Wilson replied to this German note on October 14th. He stated that the process and conditions of evacuation must be left to the military advisers of the United States and the Allies; but that no conditions could be accepted which did not provide absolute safeguards for the military supremacy of the Allies in the field; called attention to the continuance fillegal and inhumane practices on the part of the Germans; and to the fact that German autocracy was still in control. The American reply to Austria was dated October 18th. In it President Wilson stated that mere autonomy was no longer enough for the subject nations of Austria; as the Czecho-Slovaks had been recognized as belligerents and the aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs had also been recognized. The propoposals of Austria were therefore not acceptable to the United States.

#### GERMANY'S PEACE PLEA SENT TO THE ALLIES.

The German reply of October 21st merely denied all atrocities on the part of the Germans, and protested that the German Government was free from all arbitrariness and irresponsible influence and was supported by the approval of the overwhelming majority of the German people. To

this President Wilson replied on October 23rd, that having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German government that it unreservedly accepted the terms of peace laid down in his address to Congress on January 8th and in subsequent addresses, he had transmitted the correspondence to the Allies; but at the same time he warned Germany in the frankest possible terms that extraordinary safeguards must be demanded in any possible armistice. He stated plainly that he considered that the power of the King of Prussia to control the policy of the Empire was unimpaired, and that the nations of the world did not and could not trust the word of those who had hitherto been the masters of Germany.

#### THE ARMISTICE.

On November 5th, President Wilson communicated to Germany a memorandum received from the Allied governments, in which willingness was expressed to accept the terms of peace laid down by President Wilson; but specifying that there was some ambiguity about the phrase "freedom of the seas" and also that no doubt should be allowed to exist that restoration of invaded territories should include compensation for all damage done by Germany to the civilian population of the Allies and their property through aggression by land, air, and sea. On receipt of this note German peace delegates at once proceeded to the allied lines, which they reached on November 6th. They were given the allied terms for an armistice and returned to German Headquarters on November 10th. The terms were remarkably severe, including the surrender of guns, machine guns, aeroplanes, warships, submarines, locomotives, wagons, and motor lorries; but they were accepted without hesitation or delay, and on Monday, November 11th, 1918, the fighting which began on August 1st, 1914, was brought to a close.

#### FLIGHT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

On November 9th, 1918, before the signing of the armistice, the Emperor William and the Crown Prince informally abdicated, and on the following day the Emperor fled to Holland, where he was allowed to go to the castle of his friend Count Bentinck, at Amerongen. The Crown Prince, on November 20th, was interned at Mosterland on the island of Wierigen, Holland. The Empress and Crown Princess were left behind in Germany at the time of the flight of their husbands. The Emperor carried off the crown jewels and a large amount of money in German gold. It was later discovered that the abdication of the Kaiser was not in legal form. He therefore wrote his abdication—for himself alone and not for his sons—on November 20th. The legal advisers of the Berlin government put this in proper form and it was signed by the Kaiser on November 28th, 1918.

#### AFTERMATH OF THE ARMISTICE.

The evacuation of France and Belgium was begun by the Germans on November 12th, and was carried out quickly, but not in a very orderly manner. Socialist disturbances in Germany and many mutinies against officers characterized the days of the withdrawal. On November 19th, the French entered Metz; and Strassburg was occupied by them on the 25th. King Albert made his re-entry into Brussels on November 23rd. The surrender of the German fleet took place on November 21st, 1918, when 9 battleships, 12 cruisers and 50 destroyers were brought into the lines of the Allied fleet and taken into the Firth of Forth by Admiral Beatty. The surrender of the submarines was made more gradually. An ignominious end was thus put to the grandiose endeavour of Germany to rival the sea-power of Great Britain.

#### THE END OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

Under the terms of the armistice the surrendered ships were to be interned in neutral ports, or in ports of the Allied Powers, disarmed and with only sufficient crews to act as caretakers. In accordance with these terms, the fleet was convoyed to Scapa Flow, in the Orkneys, where it remained under the charge of Admiral von Reuter with 2,000 officers and men, guarded by ships of the British navy, until the eve of the signing of the treaty. On June 27th, the Germans, in defiance of the terms of the armistice, scuttled their ships: and the whole fleet with the exception of the Baden, a battleship, was either sunk or beached. The Baden was saved by the prompt action of the nearest British ship, whose commander forced the German sailors back on board. mander forced the German sailors back on board. The vessels sunk included 9 battleships, 5 battle The vessels sunk included 9 battleships, 5 battle cruisers and 8 light cruisers, along with over 40 smaller vessels. The only casualties were six sailors killed, and ten wounded, when the British fired on the boats in which they were leaving the vessels, on the refusal of the men to obey the order to return. It was ascertained that the destruction of the fleet was in accordance with a plan, made by Admiral von Reuter, probably in collusion with navel authorities in Reglingarden. collusion with naval authorities in Berlin-a plan carried out simultaneously through the fleet with precision and under good discipline. On reaching the shore, the Admiral and all the German sailors were taken into custody and interned.

#### THE GERMAN REPUBLIC.

The last official act of Kaiser Wilhelm before The last official act of Kaiser Wilhelm before his abdication and flight on November 9th, 1918, was the appointment, as Chancellor, of the majority Socialist Leader Ebert, a harness-maker of Heidelburg, who had been elected to the Reichstag in 1910. With the aid of the military, Ebert subdued a Spartacan rising in Berlin and other cities, and on January 18th, 1919, the elections for the new National Assembly were held. The franchise was extended to all adults over 20 years and 21 000 000 women and 18 000 000 men are years, and 21,000,000 women and 18,000,000 men are estimated to have cast their votes. In these elections, the extremists were completely defeated; and the majority Socialists obtained the largest following, 164; with the clerical party second, 91; and the moderates (Democratic) third, 77. The Monarchists elected only 34 of the 401 members and the minority Socialists (radicals) 24. The other 11 members belonged to minor parties. On February 11th, Ebert was chosen by the National Assembly President of the German Republic, of which Scheidemann was the first Chancellor. After the presentation of the final peace terms there was a change of government and Bauer became Premier. The Assembly ratified the Peace Treaty on July 11th, 1919, and on the 12th the blockade of Germany by the Allied Powers was lifted, and Germany was free to resume trade relations with the world. tions, the extremists were completely defeated;

#### THE PEACE TREATY.

The Allies' Peace Conference began its sittings The Allies Peace Conference began its sittings in January, 1919. On May 7th, the Peace terms were handed to the Germans, who, after sending notes on several individual details, presented a general reply and counter-proposals on May 29th. The Allied reply and the final form of the treaty which was amended in a few particulars, were handed to Germany on June 16th. There were several days of delay during which a new government was formed in Germany and ministers were found who were willing to affix their signatures as found who were willing to affix their signatures as found who were willing to affix their signatures as plenipotentiaries. Finally on June 28th, 1919, the treaty was signed in the Hall of Mirrors at Versalles by the following powers: United States of America, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Cuba, Equador, Greece, Guatamela, Haiti, Hedjas, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Poland, Roumania, Seri-Croat and Slovene State, Siam, Checko-Slovakian

Republic, Uruguay and Germany. China refused to sign on account of the article ceding the Shantung Peninsula to Japan; in spite of the fact that Japan professed her intentions of handing it over to China after restoring order.

#### LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The treaty contains 440 articles, with a number of annexes. The first 26 articles establish a league of nations of which all the signatory powers are original members. In addition, fourteen other powers, including China, Denmark, Spain, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland, were invited into membership, and it is provided that any self-governing state or colony which applies for self-governing state or colony which applies for self-governing state or colony which applies for membership, can become a member on a two-thirds vote of the Assembly. The government of the league is by means of an assembly, com-posed of representatives of all members of the league, each member country to have one vote and not more than three representatives; and a council, composed of representatives of the five great powers along with four other members great powers along with four other members selected by the assembly from among the representatives of the other countries in the league. Until the assembly could act, representatives of Belgium, Brazil, Spain and Greece were nominated as the other four members.

Under the articles it is agreed that war or the threat of war is the concern of all; that the making of war contrary to the terms of the league shall be considered an act of war against all its members; that the territory and independence of each member of the league shall be preserved of each member of the league shall be preserved against external aggression; that any case likely to lead to war shall be submitted to arbitration or conciliation; that the members of the league will carry out in good faith any arbitral award, and that in no case will they go to war until three months after an arbitral award, or recommendation of the Council, to which disputes not submitted to arbitration are to be taken; and that they will subject to economic pressure any nation they will subject to economic pressure any nation they will subject to economic pressure any nation which goes to war contrary to the provisions of the convenant. The principle of reduction of armaments is accepted in the articles, as is also the equality of men and women as officers of the League. It is agreed that there shall be no further conquests of backward peoples; but that unappropriated parts of the world shall be held in trust for civilization, and that abuses such as the slave trade the liquor trade and the traffic in the slave trade, the liquor trade and the traffic in arms, shall be prohibited in such places. It is also agreed that all the members shall secure and maintain fair treatment of labor at home and in the countries with which they trade. Any member of the league that fails to fulfil its obligations can be expelled on a unanimous vote of the council, and new members can be admitted by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly.

#### THE NEW MAP.

The next section of the treaty defines the new The next section of the treaty defines the new boundaries of Germany. Alsace and Lorraine are returned to France; Belgium gains some disputed territory; Prussian Poland is again united with Russian and Austrian Poland to form the new Polish Republic; and the future of Schleswig is left to a vote of its inhabitants, male and female. Germany is forbidden to fortify any part of the left bank of the Rhine; and the coal mines of the Sarre Basin are handed over to France in full and absolute possession, the government of this area to be under the trustee-ship of the League for fifteen years, after which sovernment of this area to be under the trustee-ship of the League for fifteen years, after which sovereignty will be decided by a vote of the inhabitants. It is also provided that the value of the mining property thus ceded to France is to be credited to Germany in part payment of the amount due France for reparation, Germany to indemnify any private owners thus dispossessed.

Germany undertakes to recognize the independence of the Checko-Slovak and Polish Republics, and to agree to the establishment of Danzig as a free city. She also agrees to the destruction of all military works on Heligoland; and to respect as inalienable all territories that were part of the Russian Empire. She relinquishes all rights in her colonies, and in China and Siam. She recognizes unreservedly the rights of the French in Morocco and of the English in Egypt. To Japan, she cedes her rights in the Shantung Peninsula with the railways and submarine cables.

#### NAVAL PROVISIONS.

Strict and drastic provisions regulate the future military and naval establishments of Germany, and she agrees to surrender eight battleships with all their guns, eight light cruisers, forty-two modern destroyers and fifty torpedo boats with all their guns, and all completed submarines in addition to all of the vessels surrendered at the armistice, and also all naval vessels interned in neutral ports; those still uncompleted, both submarines and surface warships to be broken up. She is prohibited from including in her military and naval forces any air forces, except that until October 1st, 1919, she was permitted to retain a maximum of 100 sea-planes to be used in searching for submarine mines.

#### TRIAL OF KAISER.

Part VII of the Treaty provides for the trial of William II, and also of all persons guilty of criminal acts against nationals of any of the Allied Powers, and the German Government agreed to furnish all documents and information necessary for such trials.

#### REPARATION.

Part VIII provides for reparation by Germany for all damage to Belgium and to civilians of the Allied Powers, both for damage through acts of war and for forced labor of persons in occupied territory, for maltreatment of prisoners, and for damage to property. She also takes upon herself the war debt of Belgium; and agrees to return all fines, levies, etc., on civilian populations. She agrees to hand over to France and Belgium stated numbers of domestic animals and to the Allied Powers, merchant ships to replace, ton for ton and class for class, all ships and fishing boats lost or damaged owing to the war. Among special acts of restitution are enumerated the return to

France of the flags taken in the war of 1870-71 (some of these were burned by the Germans while the treaty was pending) also the archives and works of art then carried into Germany; books and art treasures to compensate the University of Louvain, and to Great Britain the skulls of Caliph Othman and Sultan Mkwawa. Germany also agrees to allow importation into her territory of goods from the Allied States without discriminatory duties, pledges herself to make no discriminations against the Allied Powers in regard to either imports into Germany or exports from Germany, or in the transportation of such goods within her own territory. Provision is made for the occupation of German territory by Allied forces for fifteen years, but if, within that time Germany has complied with all the undertakings of the treaty the forces of occupation will be withdrawn immediately.

#### LABOR.

Part XIII of the Treaty deals with the organization of Labor and sets out the general principles to be accepted by all the Allied Powers. These principles include the recognition of labor as not "a commodity or article of commerce; the right of association of workers; payment of living wages; the eight hours day and 48 hours week; one day's rest in seven; abolition of child labor, and safeguards on the labor of young persons; equal pay for equal work of men and women; the equitable treatment of all workers legally resident in any country; and a system of inspection in which women have a share."

#### THE AUSTRIAN TREATY.

The final draft of the Austria Treaty was presented by the Allies to Austria on June 2nd, 1919. A portion of the treaty had been handed over in February, but the first part did not contain all the provisions concerning boundaries and indemnities. The terms in general were similar to those made in the case of Germany. Western Hungary had to be given up, as well as Poland and Italia Irredenta, comprising the Trentino. Protests were made by Austria to the effect that the territory ceded ought to carry its share of the burden of Austria's war debt; but the Allies would make no concessions, and the treaty had to be accepted without amendment.



â as in bare

ä " father

#### KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

 $\bar{\mathrm{o}}$  as in note

ŏ " not

a " lather	O 11 NOT
á " fan	ô n nor
ā u lane	ū " tune · · · · · · · ·
ă " raft	ŭ u sun
ë n seen	y , yell
ĕ ıı send	oo u boon
ê " wert	ow u town
	oi loin
possible the sounding of the con-	(g) signifies the German guttural, not
sonant	used in English
ī u line	() brackets signify that letters included
ĭ " in	are not sounded but merely serve
1 w sound of diphthong äë	to modify the yowel
1 11 Sound of diplimong ac	to mounty the vower
Aima	Tillo lee le
Aisneā n	Lillelee le
Albertál bâr	Lutsklootsk
Altkirchált keer ch(g)	Lutzowloot zŏv
Amiens	Malincourtmä lá(ng) coor
Arrasär rä	Maubeugemō bê(r) zhe
Arsieroär see ā rō	Messinesmě see ne
Asiagoä see ä gō	Montdidiermō(ng) dee dee ā
Augustowaōw goos tō vä	Monsmō(ng)
Bainsizzabîn sĭt zä	Monte Asolonemŏn tĕ ä zō lō nĕ
Bakubä koo	Monte Gabrielemŏn tĕ gä bree ā lĕ
Bapaumebä põ me	Monte San Michelemon të san mee kā le
Bellecourtbĕ le coor	Monte Santomŏn tĕ sán tō
Beratbā rát	Neuve Eglisenê(r) ve ā glee se
Bucharestboo kä rĕst	Noyonnwá yŏ(ng)
Bugboog	Oisewä ze
Bukowinaboo kō vee nä	Passchendaelepá shĕ(ng) dā le
Cambraikō(ng) brā	Péronnepā rō ne
Cernachâr nä	Piavepee ä vě
Cetinjechět ĭn yā	Plezzoplět zo
Champagneshä(ng) pä nye	Pozièrespō zee ā re
Chateau Thiérryshä tō tee ā rĭ	Przemyslpzhěm ĭsl
Chemin des Dameschê má(ng) đã dä me	Regnevillerā nye vee le
Combleskō(ng) ble	Rheims ră(ng)
Compiègnekō(ng) pee ā nye	Roulersroo lā
Côte de Poivrekō te de pwä vre	Sailly Sailliselsî yee sî yee sĕl
Craonnekrä ŏ ne	St. Mihielsă(ng) mee ee ĕl
Ctesiphontā see fŏn	St. Gervaissă(ng) zhâr vā
Czechoslovakstchě kō slō váks	St. Quentinsă(ng) kŏ(ng) tá(ng)
Douaidoo ā	Sarajevosä rä yā võ
Dwinadvee nä	Sarrailsä rîl
Durazzodoo rát zō	Serethsā rāt
Ebertā bârt	Sette Communisĕt tā cŏm moo nee
Eitel Friedrichī těl free drich(g)	Shuvayevshoo vä yĕv
Fochfōsh	Soissonsswä sō(ng)
Fort Douaumontfôr doo ō mō(ng)	Tagliamentotál yä měn tō
Frauenlobfrow ĕn lōb	Thanntän
Givenchyzhee vĕ(ng) shee	Thiepvaltee ĕp vál
Goriziagō reet zĭ, ä	Vauxvō
Jugo Slavsyoo go slavs	Verbiersvår bee ā
Kozience kō shee ĕn chĕ	Verdunvår dê(rng)
Kurghankoor gán	Versaillesvår sî yye
Kut-el-Amarakoot ĕl ä mä rä	Vicenzavee chen tzä
La Fèrelä få re	Wiesbadenvees bä děn
La Hoogelä oo zhe	Woevrevê(r) vre
Laonlä ō(ng)	Wytshaeteveet shā te
Lenslŏ(ng)	Yekaterinburgyā ká tā rin boorg
Le Sarsle sär	Ypresee prā
Liègelee āzh	Zeebruggeza broo gĕ
Liogotec azii	Zicon uggoza mroo go

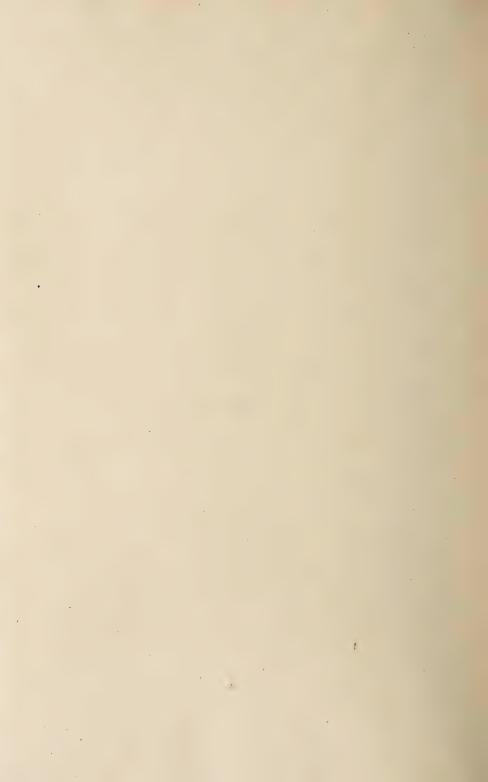




#### THE UNSEEN AIR.

#### (The Melbourne Argus.)

Only an experienced airman knows very much about the air, and up to the hour of his last flight he is still learning something new and unexpected about it. Air waves and air troughs are most frequently met in windy weather, and at low altitudes are caused by the air flow over high buildings, hills and plantations of trees. Here the unseen air is acting in very much the same manner as water flowing over a rough creek bed, and has much the same effect upon the climbing plane as waves upon a light boat. Travelling at such a pace the movements of the plane are, of course, more sudden and disconcerting, especially to the beginner. The tilt of a wing the flop of a tail, require quick correction. Such conditions are so constant that an airman in time comes almost to visualize atmosphere—to him the air is no longer unseen. A little single-seater scout machine under conditions behaves very much in same, way as a light boat in a choppy sea, while our big bombing planes, heavily laden with presents for Fritz, wallowed more heavily into the air troughs, rose more sluggishly to the big billows. The sensation of "taking off" on a very windy day in rough weather is almost exactly comparable to launching a boat through surf. As one gets past the big rollers the sea calms comparatively. So as altitude is gained with the plane the wind bumps lessen and the air flow smooths out, though its force may be as great as ever.





H. FRED PARKINSON
SUB-LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY. A MEMBER OF THE ONTARIO BAR





# The Canadian Law Times.

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JUNE, 1918.

No. 6

## SUB-LIEUTENANT PARKINSON, R.N.

Mr. H. Fred Parkinson, of Toronto, has brought high honour to the Bar of Ontario. Called to the Bar in 1913, he became a junior partner with the firm of Mowat, Langton, and Maclennan, of Toronto; but in 1916, after taking an officer's training course, he took a commission as a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Shortly before sailing for England he married Miss Goulding, of Weston. Assigned to the Motor Boat Patrol Service, he took part in what were. perhaps, the two most stirring episodes in the whole history of the British navy, the Zeebrugge and Ostend Raids, and we heartily congratulate him on having come safely through both. He was, no doubt, one of those Zeebrugge heroes, who claimed, as a favour they were entitled to, to be permitted to take part in the Ostend affair also; and we are glad to be told that after the latter a cable message reached Toronto—" Safe again." Lieutenant Parkinson is the son of Mr. Mathew Parkinson, of Toronto, the well-known publisher, and for many years a Public School trustee, his parents, as well as himself, being native-born Canadians. Through the kindness of the former we are enabled to publish Lieutenant Parkinson's own simple and manly account of the Raid on the Mole at Zeebrugge. Lieutenant Parkinson's brother Harry, himself a law-student in Toronto, was recently called to the Bar in uniform, and is now a lieutenant with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France. The Canadian Bar can boast many another member who like Lieutenant Parkinson has heard the call of patriotism and duty in the present struggle of freedom and Christian principle against German diabolism, and it is not possible to pay tribute to all individually. We cannot, however, refrain from recording that another member of the same law firm, Mr. R. J. Maclennan, has lost a son, himself a law-student, Lieutenant R. W. Maclennan, of the Royal Flying Corps, killed in action in France, on December 23rd, last, while flying. We are permitted to reproduce the following interesting sentences from a very manly document he drew up on the eve of his departure for France to be forwarded to his father in the event of any casualty happening to him:

'Going, as I almost certainly shall, to a Scout Squadron, I am fully aware of the hazardous nature of the work to be done, and the almost certainty of some mishap befalling me sooner or later. The present system of aerial fighting necessitates several friendly machines always flying in a formation, or small compact group which reduces to a very large extent the risks of one of their number being brought down. And even if one should be brought down, the other members of the formation can usually see what has happened, and can give a fairly accurate report as to whether the pilot has been killed, or has managed to land his machine fairly intact. Consequently, if I should fall during an aerial combat, my colleagues ought to be able to furnish a report which would relieve doubt, and possibly a long period of anxiety to those at home. Risks and hazards of the R. F. C. may be great, but when one is engaged as a member of a fighting force it is a consolation to know that he is one of the senior service of fighting armies, and as a scout pilot, is probably one of the highest trained and most effective units of the whole army. He sees more of what is going on than any other soldier. He is entrusted with a machine worth £3.000. He does not have to put up with the heart-breaking conditions of mud and wet under which the rest of the army labours, and he is extremely well paid. In addition to this a scout pilot is, one might say, a pioneer (for the flying game is still in its infancy) in that branch of the service which will ultimately cause the final downfall of Prussian Militarism with all its hateful consequences.'

The following is Lieutenant Parkinson's account above referred to, of the Zeebrugge Raid:—

"It was one of those balmy afternoons with a gentle, sparkling breeze just rippling the water. The wind was in the right direction and it was not long before our flotilla was on its way and excitement was running high. Later in the afternoon we linked up with the main force and began the long journey across. A queer looking fleet it was—just about as odd as ever sailed the sea. Vindictive, a large three-funnelled cruiser of ancient date, led the van followed by the two ridiculous Mersey ferry boats looking about as much in place as cart-horses would look on a race track; then came the block-ships-merely hulks with two funnels and a navigating bridge apiece and nothing else resembling super-structure. On each side of this line of ghosts (ships which long ago were the glory of England) sailed the rest of the fleet in close formation. There were flotilla leaders, stately and businesslike, all the way down to the motor launches, small and meek. All the way across the wind continued fair and a drizzle came on which made conditions even more ideal but very uncomfortable. About midnight the operation commenced. Each ship had a given job to do at a given moment and the details of the schedule had been planned with careful thought, so that no matter what eventuality might arise, the antidote was provided. Everything went off like the working of a clock due to the wonderful operation orders worked out to the finest detail by the Admiral and his staff.

We are in the enemy's waters now and are steering straignt for his port. There is hardly a sound as the black hulks all about us glide silently on to—we hardly know what. At various moments we know that certain ships are leaving the fleet to do their jobs and then our time comes and off we go, all on our own. In the meantime the gallant Vindictive carries straight on to the Mole, weighs alongside, and you know what a disturbance she began to create; the explosive submarine slips her tow, passes the Mole, and jams herself into the piles of the viaduct which connect the Mole with the shore and then, after her crew had escaped (they all got away alive), she ceased to exist as a submarine and the viaduct ceased to exist as the viaduct and a lot of Huns went too; the monitor's fifteen-inch shells are creating havoc everywhere, and while all this row is going on three old concrete-laden cruisers sail quietly round the Mole and up the harbour and settled down for a rest in the narrowest part of the fair-way where they are likely to stay for some time. The object of the whole enterprise was to get those block-ships in, so, no matter what the losses, the operation was a real success.

Our job was outside the harbour, but far too close to the beach for comfort. We always regard the safety line from Ostend and Zeebrugge as fifteen miles out, so you can imagine our sensations when flashes or star-shells would light up the beach and the Mole itself. The noise and flashing at the Mole were truly awful, but we were more interested in a battery of guns and search-lights opposite us on the shore. While all this was going on I was surprised at how matter-of-fact everything seemed. A sort of repose had come in the place of the smothering excitement of the early evening and I found myself noticing insignifi-

cant details, such as the colour of Fritz's star-shells or the fact that his search-lights threw a golden beam instead of white.

By-and-by the din began to grow quieter and all but ceased and then the retire time came, and off we went straight north just as fast as the engines would drive us. It was foggy, so we had to navigate by dead reckoning, but with luck we got back safely and were the third small boat home. All the way back we saw not a single vessel and many were our forebodings, but the first ship we met in the harbour was the grand old Vindictive, full of holes, but very much alive, and how her crew were cheering! During the morning our boats came straggling back in twos and threes, and how we did talk and compare notes, but over our joy hung a cloud because two of our boats were not coming back and three cheery faces were missing.

As to the afternoon, if every hob-nailed boot in Dover had tramped on the deck above my bunk I do not think it would have even wrung a remonstrance out of me.

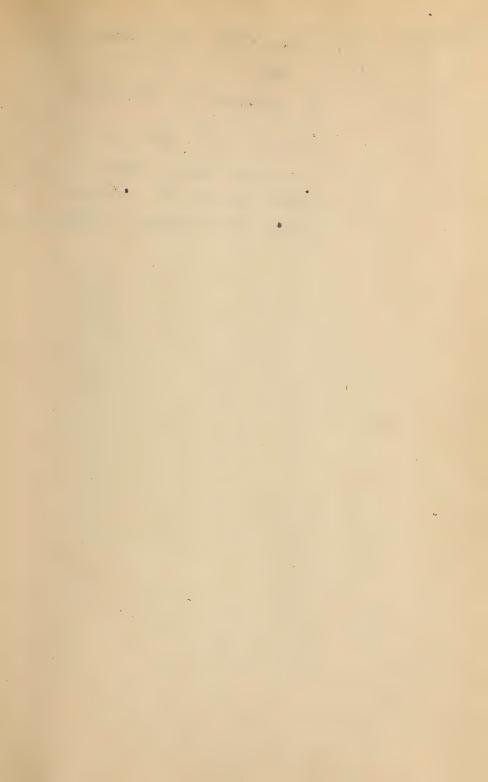
After weeks of preparation the stunt has come off and it has been a success. They say it will have a far-reaching effect on both the naval and military situation. The papers hail it as a victory and say the spirit of the old navy is still alive. It may be glorious, but somehow I cannot forget the shattered remains of a dear friend and senior officer as they brought him up the gangway.'

### BY THE WAY.

We see in a recent number of the British Empire Review the following reference to a subject which might well excite more interest in Canada than it has done. We hope to refer to it again: —

'Mr. S. Rowan Hamilton (Puisne Judge, Leeward Islands), speaking at the Halifax Canadian Club, stated that the British West Indies were strongly in favour of Confederation with Canada. If Canada, he said, did not confederate with the West Indies the latter would turn to the United States.'

The Editor has an announcement to make which, although unavoidably personal from one point of view, will, he believes, possess an interest in many quarters, and especially among University and other instructors in political science throughout the English-speaking world. As long ago in 1878 and 1879, that veteran of English literature who is now displaying the vigour of



Pen Piciais from the Trenches

By

Ll. Stanley A. Rushage

Toronto Mm Briggs 1918

b 24 Dec 1829 - Kalled 16 Mov 1917

Duens graduate - 20 year bogood to

Father E. S. Ruthedge - Fort. Williams



University of Toronto.

## ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

FRIDAY, JUNE 10th, 1921, 2.15 p.m.

#### CONVOCATION HALL

LOWER GALLERY ONLY

ADMIT ONE

JAMES BREBNER
REGISTRAR

NO SEAT RESERVED AFTER 2.15 P.M.



#### MISS ELIZABETH MACLENNAN, B.A.,

An honor graduate of Toronto University of 1921, in the department of modern history, who is safting to-day on the Minnedosa from Montreal for Oxford, England, to take up postgraduate work in modern history at Somerville (the principal wonlan's college affiliated with Oxford University). She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Maclennan, 31 Oriole Parkway.

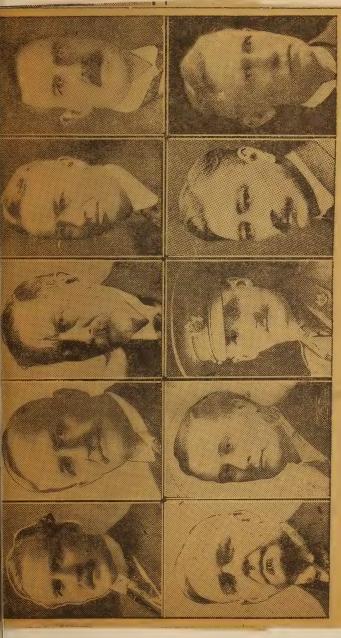
Miss Elizabeth Maclennan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Maclennan, 31 Oriole parkway, left Toronto yesterday for England to take up postgraduate work in Somerville College, Oxford.

Townto Globe 30 Sep 1921

Toronto Star 30 Sy 1924







eral Government; W. D. Gregory, chairman of the civil service commission; Gordon Waldron, solicitor for the U.F.O.; J. M. Godfrey, a prominent Toronto barrister; William Mulock, of Mulock, Milliken, Clark and Redman. Bottom row, from left to right are: Eric N. Armour, crown attorney for York county; William Johnston, city solicitor for Toronto; R. H. Greer, late crown, attorney; Gideon Grant and R. J. MacLennan, well-known barristers. Here are ten of the 91 King's counsel whose appointment by the Ontario Government is announced to-day. ex-minister of finance, in the TORONTO MEN WHO HAVE CHANGED GOWN OF STUFF FOR ONE OF SILK left to right, shows Sir Thomas White, Top row, from

# Manilla House,

(Late S. Conway's).

This House has been renovated and refitted throughout. The travelling community will find every accommodation. Table and Bar always supplied with the best. Hall suitable for concerts and theatres, &c. Good stabling and careful Ostler in attendance. Office of the various stages.

ASAPH EDWARDS,
Proprietor

632-

NOMMERCIAL TEMPERANCE COMMERCIAL TEMPERANCE
host houses in the Province for public accommodation, having twenty-eight large airy ded-rooms, four ison, baving twenty-eight large airy ded-rooms, four good style. Nothing shall be wanting on the part good style. Nothing shall be wanting on the part good style. Nothing shall be wanting on the part for the entertainment of his guests. The stables for the entertainment of his guests. The stables for the entertainment of his guests. The stables of the proprietor, to have everything and first penty of hay and oats always on hand, and a first penty of hay and oats always on hand, and a first class ostler in attendance. Stages start from this establishment for Kinmount, Minden, Hallburto and Peterborough, every lawful day.

Baggage and Peterborough, every lawful day. Alexander taken to and from steamboats free. Orr, Proprietor.

### 7 RAVELERS' GUIDE

### UNIGAL'S LIVERY STABLES, YORK STREET, LINDSAY.

Comfortable conveyances and good horses on hire BRIAN GUNIGLE. coustine rates.

NEW LIVERY STABLE. The subscriber having erected commodious Stables on William Street, for the purpose of carrying on Livery business, intimates to the people of Lindsay and vicinity that he intends keeping a first Lindsay and vicinity that he intends keeping a first leas set of horses and vehicles which are warrantied to give satisfaction, in every case. The terms will be found as reasonable as at any establishment to the kind, and by strict and courteous attention to to the kind, and by strict and courteous attention to

20 St Johnst. Oxford Aug. f. 1921 Dear M. macleman, I thank you very warmly for your sympathy and your words of comport which do help one. I will not try to write more. My me kunsthatyon understand. I am much looking forward to meeting Elizabeth and hope to see a great deal of her while she is in England, Somerville Collège is quite near this house; and I expect to be very little away from home. I wonder if it would be any convenience



#### TRINITY TERM, 1923.

#### SECOND PUBLIC EXAMINATION.

#### IN SCHOLA HISTORIÆ MODERNÆ

Order of Names for the viva voce Examination.

#### Monday, July 2, at 9.30 a.m.

Blakeney Henricus M. H. G. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt. Gardner Radulphus R. e Coll. Univ. Hastings Hon<sup>mus</sup> Vice-Comes de ex Æde Christi. Lindley Ernestus K. e Coll. Pemb. Mills Lennox A. e Coll. Magd. Nickalls Guido O. e Coll. Magd. Pearson Lester B. c Coll. D Jo. Bapt, Scott Thomas A, R. c Coll. Magd.

#### Friday, July 20, at 9.30 a.m.

Acworth Angus W. e Coll. Mert. Adams Willelmus F. e Coll. Oriel. Airey Willis T. G. e Coll. Mert. Allen Franciscus S. e Coll. Mert.
Allen Franciscus S. e Coll. Nov.
Atengo-Jones Joannes A. e Coll. Nov.
Ashton Honby Thomas H. R. e Coll. Nov. Assheton Radulphus ex Ædi Christi. Babington Ricardus II. e Col. Kebl. Bacon Franciscus McN. e Coll. Magd. Bacon Francisca Men. e Coll. Maga Bainbridge Percy e Coll. Pemb. Baldwin Edmundus J e Coll. Wadh. Barkell Joannes H. e Coll. Fvon. Hancock Willelmus K. e Coll. Ball. Hindley Colinus e Coll. Wadh. Perry Aluredus P. J. A. e Coll. Nov. Regan Robertus S. e Coll. Nov. St. Helier Evans Franciscus M. e Coll. Reg. Vickers Carolus A. e Coll. Kebl. Wimble Leslie B. e Coll. Nov.

#### Saturday, July 21, at 930 a.m.

Barnes-Lawrence Cyrillus H. F. e Coll, Linc, Barnett Barker Joannes P. C. e Coll, Magd. Bates Victor e Coll, Nov. Bathurst Radulphus G. e Coll, Oriel, Batty Jacobus K. e Coll, Mert. Beamont Hon<sup>lis</sup> Radulphus E. B. ex Æde

Bennett Francus L. M. e Coll. Oriel. Bennett Francus L. M. e Coll. Oriel.
Bentley Percy H. Schol. non Ascript,
Berkeley Georgius J. L. e Coll. Kebl.
Birkbeck Fridericus J. e Coll. Æn. Nas.
Black Walterus G. e Coll. Trin.
Blackett Christophorus J. W. e C. C. C.
Blackshaw Carolus B. e Coll. Oriel.
Blaikie Walterus J. e Coll. Linc.
Brannwell Cedricus C. e Coll. Kebl.
Brandt Josephus A. e Coll. Linc.
Brenan Hugo B. e Coll. Trin. Brenan Hugo B. e Coll. Trin. Brown Andreas C. e Coll. Univ Browning Patricius F. G. e Coll. Trin. Bunce Wilfredus L. ex Aul. S. Edm.

#### Monday, July 23, at 9.30 a.m.

Cadle Arturus F. e Coll. Univ. Campbell Gray Hon<sup>th</sup> Ian D. cx Æde Christi. Cardew Petrus G. e Coll, Ball. Carter Ronaldus F. A. e Coll. Reg. Chance Ricardus S. e Coll. Trin. Chapman Selkirk e Coll. Ball. Chapman-Mortimer Thomas A. L. e Coll. Trin. Chaudhri Ikbaluddin Schol. non Ascript. Cheema Mahinder S. Schol. non Ascript. Clyde Ricardus A. H. e Coll. Nov. Coates Willson H. e Coll. Reg. Coleman Willelmus H. e Coll. Met. Conway Farra R. A. W. e Coll. Æn. Nas. Cooke Albertus C. e Coll. Reg. Cadle Arturus F. e Coll. Univ Cooper Leonardus e C. C. C. C. Cox Arturus E. Schol, non Ascript. Cox Jacobus S. e Coll. Linc. Crowley Brianus G. e Coll. Kebl. Cubit Thomas H. e Coll. Mert. Dance Ericus G. ex Æde Christi.

#### Tuesday, July 24, at 9.30 a.m.

Tuesday, July 24, at 9.30 a.m.
Abell Hilda M. e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.
Appleyard Ethel H. e Coll. Som.
Barker Agatha Z. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.
Beck Gladys M. K. ex. Aul. S. Hild.
Bellamy Marjorie A. e. Coll. S. Hug.
Chapman Marjorie M. M. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.
Crook Margaret J. e Coll. Som.
Douie Decima L. e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.
Edwards Eileen T. ex. Aul. S. Hild.
Emtage Olwen K. e Coll. S. Hug.
Garner Marjorie e Coll. S. Hug.
Gibbs Mildred E. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.
Henrich Helen R. ex. Aul. S. Hild.
Hewett Nora K. e Coll. S. Hug.
Holt Anne D. e Coll. S. Hug.
Johnstone Gladys H. e Coll. S. Hug.
Jowers Betty E. e Coll. S. Hug.
Kenrick Frances H. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.
Kindersley Dorothea ex. Aul. S. Hild. Kindersley Dorothea ex Aul. S. Hild. Linton Florence M. e Coll. S. Hug.

#### Wednesday, July 25, at 9.30 a.m.

Wednesday, July 25, at 9.30 a.m.

Maclennan Jean E. H. e Coll. Som.

Mallam Kathleen S. e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Marshall Marjorie G. e Coll. S. Hug.

Perry Helena M. H. e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Potts Margaret I. ex. Aul. S. Hild.

Raymond Frances M. C. ex. Aul. S. Hild.

Rowntree Sarah A. e Coll. Som.

Sharpe Gertrude M. e Coll. Som.

Sharpe Gertrude M. e Coll. S. Hug.

Smith Evelyn M. e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Soames Jane e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Sweeting Phyllis M. K. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.

Tait Cicely M. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.

Tonks Iverna ex. Aul. S. Hild.

Travers Isobel D. e Coll. Som.

Twist Flisabeth e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Vaudrey Ethel G. F. ex. Aul. Dom. Marg.

Vigne Fatricia F. e Coll. S. Hug.

Wait Mary E. K. e Coll. S. Hug.

Walmsley Alice e Soc. Mul. Ox. priv. stud.

Wellby Evelyn M. e Coll. Som.

#### Thursday, July 26, at 9.30 a.m.

Davie Paulus C. e Coll. Nov.
Davies Bert e Coll. Pemb.
Davies Joannes D. G. e Coll. Jesu.
Davies Joannes G. e Coll. Jesu.
de Buisseret François e Coll. Ball.
de Candole Ericus A. V. e Coll. Vigorn.
de Gruchy Carolus R. e Coll. Jesu.
de la Mare Ricardus H. I. e Coll. Kebl.
Dix Georgius E. A. e Coll. Mert.
Duguid Julianus T. e Coll. Nov.
Dyer Henricus J. H. e Coll. Kebl.
Ebery Joannes e Coll. Ball.
Edwards David V. e Coll. Jesu.
Eggleton Horatius G. ex Aul. S.
Elwes Ricardus E. A. ex Æde Christi.
Fenton Willelmus H. J. e Coll Exon.
Fieldhouse Stanley W. e Coll. Kebl. Davie Paulus C. e Coll. Nov.

Wickham Stella J. A. e Coll. S. Hug. Withycombe Elizabeth G. ex Aul. Dom. Marg. Woodall Mary W. e Coll. Som.

#### Friday, July 27, at 9.30 a.m.

Fish Fridericus J. ex Aul. S. Edm. Forrest Jacobus D. D. e Coll. Kebl. Fraser Andreas A. e Coll. Ball. Garton Ericus C. e Coll. Magd. Gideon Ernestus B. e Coll. Jesu. Gideon Ernestus B. e Coll. Jesu.
Gillett Jacobus e Coll. Pemb.
Glasberg Valentinus e Coll. Nov.
Gordon Douglas J. e Coll. Ball.
Gorham Mauricius A. C. e Coll. Ball.
Gough Joannes W. e Coll. Mert.
Goulding Harricus e Coll. Reg.
Gradwell Josephus L. A. e Coll. Ball.
Graham-Harrison Evelyn C. A. e Coll. Magd.
Grant Alexander L. e Coll. Nov.
Gray Carolus H. e Coll. Ball.
Griffiths Vincentius Ll. e Coll. Kebl.
Gunningham Alexander P. e Coll. Linc. Gunningham Alexander P. e Coll. Linc. Gupta Radhey S. e Coll. Linc. Gybbon-Monypenny Bertie C. e Coll. Nov. Hall Clifford W. e Coll. Exon.

#### Saturday, July 28, at 9.30 a.m.

Hamill-Stewart Joannes A. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt, Hamilton Jacobus E. e Coll. Oriel. Handiqui Krishna K. Schol. non Ascript. Hanham Joannes L. Bartus e Coli. Magd. Hanna Malek e Coll. Nov. Hardwick Joannes G. e Coll. Kebl. Hardwick Joannes G. e Coll. Rebl. Hardy Mauricius J. e v. Æde Christi. Harvey Reginaldus J. e Coll. Exon. Hawkins Brianus C. K. e Coll. Hertf. Haworth Hugo A. e Coll. Nov. Hebert Carolus P. e Coll. Nov. Hemingway Carolus R. e Coll. Trin. Henderson Jacobus T. e Coll. Reg. Hendy Philippus A. ex Æde Christi. Hicks Lawson H. e Coll, Vigorn. Hillam Joannes G. e Coll. Nov. Hines Radulphus J. ex Æde Christi. Hope Joannes E. B. e Coll. Oriel Hope Ricardus F. ex Æde Christi. Hornby Ronaldus T. D. e Coll. Nov.

#### Monday, July 30, at 9.30 a.m.

Hudson Fridericus C. W. e Coll. Kebl. Iderton Kenneth e Coll. Oriel. Jeffreys Montacutus V. C. e Coll. Hertf. Jenkins Daniel W. T. e Coll. Jesu. Joshi Gajanan K. Schol. non Ascript, Karminski Seymour F. ex Æde Christi, Kendall Joannes N. e Coll, Exon. Kendall Joannes N. e Coll. Exon.
Kent Philippus C. e Coll. Magd.
Kingsford Edwardus H. L. e Coll. Nov.
Knapp Fridericus C. H. Schol. non Ascript.
Law Ricardus K. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt.
Lee Cacilius K. e Coll. Exon.
Lewis Honib Willelmus B. C. e Coll, Magd.
Lobo Elias A. ex Aul. S. Edm.
Lubbock Georgius S. e Coll. Hertf.
Lucas Archibaldus J. e Coll. Nov.
Lyell Mauricius L. e Coll. Kebl.
MacDonald Malcolm J. e Coll. Reg.
Mackintosh Georgius C. e Coll. Exon.
Maclagan Willelmus D. e Coll. Kebl. Maclagan Willelmus D. e Coll. Kebl.

#### Tuesday, July 31, at 9.30 a.m.

MacPhail Donaldus C, e Coll. Kebl.
Mantle Philippus J. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt.
Marcham Fridericus G, ex Aul. S. Edm.
Marsham Fridericus R. e Coll. Magd.
Martin Leake Joannes R. ex Æde Christi.
Maycock Herbertus G. e Coll. Exon.
Mayes Robertus C. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt.
Miles Harricus Schol. non Ascript.
Millar Joannes C. e Coll. Ball.
Milnes Willelmus H. G. e Coll. Vigorn.
Mitter Raj K. e C. C. C.
Mock Clark L. e Coll. Hertf.
Mordaunt Eustacius J. e Coll. Univ.
Mort Arturus B. S. e Coll. Univ.
Murray Athol L. e Coll. Wadh.
Nair Kannambra S. U. ex Æde Christi.
Nandan-Menon Vadakkae K. e Coll. D. Jo.
Bapt. MacPhail Donaldus C, e Coll. Kebl. Bapt. Nayar Kunhi S. Schol. non Ascript. Nehru Ratan K. e Coll. Exon.

### Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 9.30 a.m.

Newnham Henricus A. e Coll. Ball. Newhaam Hemicus A. e Coll. Ball.
Northcote Henricus S. e Coll. Magd.
Oakley Arturus S. e C. C. C
Oldaker Alanus A. e Coll. Ball.
Olmsted Marlin F. e Coll. Magd.
Oman Carolus C. e Coll. Nov.
Pantin Willelmus A ex Æde Christi.
Peel Hon<sup>th</sup> Arturus W. A. e Coll. Ball.
Pennington Arturus L. e Coll. Kebl.
Phillips Haroldus e Coll. Jesu.
Phillips Reginaldus V. e Coll. Jesu.
Pitman Isaac J. ex Æde Christi.
Porter Dana H. e Coll. Ball.
Power Lionellus J. B. e Coll. Reg.
Pryer Willelmus E. B. e Coll. Pemb.
Rac Kenneth E. B. ex Æde Christi.
Ree Edwardus A. e Coll. Æn. Nas.
Rees Walterus Ll. e Coll. Kebl.
Reford Ludovicus E. e Coll. Nov.
Rhodes Kenneth H. e Coll. Vigorn. Northcote Henricus S. e Coll. Magd

#### Thursday, Aug. 2, at 9,30 a.m.

Richmond Norman M. e Coll. Univ.
Richmond Percival e Coll. Exon.
Roberts Haroldus e Coll. Kebl.
Robertson Alexander F. e Coll. Nov.
Rogers Joannes F. ex Aul, Priv. Camplon,
Roskill Ashton W. e Coll. Exon.
Rothenstein Joannes M. e Coll. Vigorn,
Royle Arturus e Coll. Kebl,
Rybot Georgius V. D. ex. Æde Christi.
Scaife Christophorus H. O. e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt,
Scott Claudius S. e Coll. Trin.
Short Leonardus B. e Coll. Hertf.
Simpson Evanus J. e Coll. Univ.
Singh Fatch e Coll. D. Jo. Bapt.
Smith Jacobus D. e Coll. Æn. Nas.
Smith Sydney H. Schol. non Ascript.
Snagge Leonardus W. ex. Æde Christi, Richmond Norman M. e Coll. Univ. Snagge Leonardus W. ex Æde Christi, Sowby Cedricus W. e Coll. Kebl, Spencer Arnoldus C. e Coll. Mert. Spendlove Kenneth G. Schol. non Ascript,

#### Friday, Aug. 3, at 9.30 a.m.

Spurgin Percival R. D. e Coll, Trin, Stephenson Willelmus e Coll. Reg. Stevens Georgius A. e Coll. Reg. Stevens Guido H. ex Æde Christi. Stevenson Alanus L. ex Æde Christi. Stevenson Alanus L. ex . Ede Chisti.
Sucharitakul Snguan e Coll. Æn. Nas.
Symes Joannes W. L. ex Aul. S. Edm.
Taylor Godofredus J. C. e Coll. Magd.
Thomson David C. e Coll. Bail.
Thynne Oliverus St. M. e Coll. Nov.
Tracey Arturus e Coll. Æn. Nas.
Trappes-Lomax Michael R. e Coll. Nov.
Tradwell Joannes W. F. ex Æde Christi,
Turner Edwardus C. e Coll. Oriel.
Turner Georgius Schol. non Ascript.
Turton Harrieus W. ex Æde Christi.
Van Santvoord Alexander e Coll. Oriel.
Vinogradoff Igor e Coll. Nov.
Wallace Alexander M. e C. C. C.
Warner Carolus W. e Coll. Kebl.
Welby Oliverus C. E. ex Æde Christi.

#### Saturday, Aug. 4, at 9.30 a.m.

Whitley Aluredus L. ex Æde Christi, Willison Willelmus L. P. e Coll, Wadh, Woodruff Joannes D. e Coll. Nov. Woods Arturus J. D. e Coll. Kebl, Wylfe Ricardus C. e Coll. Omn. Anim, Yates Franciscus W. e Coll, Univ. Zahcer Syed H. e Coll. Nov.



"Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore"



Memorial Service held at Queen's University, Kingston,

Canada, for Queen's men who have given

their lives in the War.

DECEMBER 1st, 1918.







## Memorial Sermon

#### Preached by

REV. PRINCIPAL R. BRUCE TAYLOR, D. D.

PSALM 50: 5: "Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice."

But a few years ago it seemed as if it were the main object of our civilization to provide against all the contingencies of life. Men insured in half a dozen different directions that they might ward off the blows of fate. Life, property, income, soundness of limb—against the loss of all these things provision was made, and the character to be admired was the one that played for safety, and fulfilling its duties in a careful domestic way towards God and man, slept the sleep of the just. It was a view of life that unquestionably had its virtues, and also its very grave defects. It is not possible to make life safe, but the effort to do so may check the fine sense that the years here are a great venture of faith. But the general attitude of providing for the future spread itself till it covered everything, even University training and education. "Efficiency" was the ideal; the "practical man" was the desired product; and the main purpose of the University was conceived to be the instilling of a certain ordered sequence of valuable facts which would at once become available for the making of a livelihood. Worldliness is not the temper of any one age in particular. But when life has for decades run in certain lines, success or failure comes to be measured simply and solely by the standards of the market place. The man who was held to have "made good" was the man who had been able to make money, while the following of learning for learning's sake. the throwing away of material advantages for more leisure in which to grow, was regarded as the mark of an oddity.

Suddenly across this prosperous, domestic, materialistic world the sounds of war rang out, and the only compulsion to take part in it was the compulsion of conscience. Indeed the urgency was not at first fully understood. It was hard to believe that war really meant war; hard to believe that lives were to be thrown away and civilizations to be wrecked in any such monstrous anachronism. It was all to be soon over. The financial stringency would throttle war. The madness of it would never allow the issue to be one purely of endurance and resources. But the war did go on. The weeks spread to months and the months to years. mail meant a clearer understanding of the horror that had been unloosed, and strangely enough, because of the knowledge of the horror, a clearer call to take one's place and to do one's part. "Business as usual" was a fatal cry. Nothing could be as usual, and it was only when we discovered that truth that the claim became compelling. The need was men, men, men; men to stop the gaps in the lines, men with the highest intellectual training, or men with no learning at all, but men who could stand the strain, and hold a gun, and shoot straight, and stay where they were placed till they died: men, free men, who should put themselves under the sternest discipline and undertake the severest hardships and carry a light heart into the most desperate endeavour. The call was answered magnificently. The problem was not how to get the men, but how to train them and arm them. The decision was made in full knowledge of all the facts, and men brought up in the faith that to ensure against to-morrow was a first responsibility dropped, on the moment, all that they had undertaken, and crossed the seas to fight in a war that was none of their choosing, and to meet, with little but their manhood, the enemy who had for a generation been laying the train of his assault.

Thank God, it all now lies behind us, and we pray that we, with those who come after us, shall war no more. Victory is ours, victory far more complete than we had dared to hope for. We have come through days that were dark

indeed, when faith seemed but a slender arm to lean upon. We feel that we are in touch with things that we do not wholly understand. "At the helm," to use Stevenson's phrase, "was that unknown Steersman, whom we call God." The mood of the Armistice day has passed. We shall never again awaken with such a thrill, perhaps never again rejoice with such unwonted tears and with such irrepressible laughter. Already we begin to see somewhat of the responsibility of the victors in the building up of a new heaven and a new earth. But we seek to join together in honouring the memory of men who held this place dear, of comrades who trained themselves, far better than they knew, in these classrooms and these playing fields, for the greatest struggle that mankind has ever known, and who, having done their work with conscience and with a free spirit, do now rest from their labours. It was not given to them to see of the fruit of their toil, but we who are alive and remain would send forth the rumour of them upon every wind of heaven.

For their sacrifice, and the sacrifice of tens of thousands like-minded with themselves, has saved the Empire. It is a strange, unstudied thing, this Empire, created in no small part by men who knew not what they were doing, and held together by ties that are all the stronger the more they are indefinite and intangible. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham was hardly even a skirmish as men measure these things to-day, but it secured for the British crown this Canada of ours. The ventures of merchant seamen, the cupidity of traders, the quixoticism of those who fled the conventions of civilized life, the efforts of the missionary, all these have built up this Empire to which we belong, and it has been administered in a temper that has been a marvel of unselfishness. There has been freedom of entrance everywhere for all white men, and the seas have been free to every ship save the pirate. There were days, not so many months ago, when it seemed as though a speedy dissolution might be the fate of this great and unique experiment in government by an unforced loyalty. That shadow has now passed.

For our Empire, as for all the rest of the world, the immediate result is loss, but we shall not allow our enemies in this moment of victory to sow dissension between the Allies as a whole, or the various dependencies of the Empire. We have won the war because we have beaten the enemy on sea and land, and those who have renewed the covenant of our sacrifice are knit together as men never were.

But the victory which our friends gave themselves to win has secured the liberties of the world. The theme is too well worn to be set down here; but it is right that we should remind ourselves that we fought for no merely national cause, worthy though that might have been, but for the liberties of mankind. Surely whom the gods will destroy they first of all make mad. There are other things in warfare besides physical might. The foe that makes the first spring has a vast advantage, but in the long run the things that tell are determination and a sense of a just cause. Our enemies left no possibility of doubt as to the side on which right and justice lay. The cause that was first of all so sure of its physical might that it could flout all the ancient sanctions of civilized life can hardly in the name of civilization appeal to the consideration of the victor after the long years of agony. When a whole people believe that obligations have no moral value, and human life in the person of defenceless women and children no claim on human protection; when they hound to death the captives who are helpless and watch without pity the drowning of maimed men and ministering women, it is time they learned the lesson that as men sow so shall they also reap. We should be heedless of the memory of our dead if in any foolish charity we allowed those who are guilty to escape the penalty of their unspeakable crimes. They have affronted the face of the world. The blood of Abel cries out from the ground, not in vengeance but in the defence of the liberties of those who come after us. There are certain sins that carry within them forever the seeds of death. In the ancient kingdom of Ephraim, the sin of Ahab against Naboth was remembered

against his stock until its final extinction. It was not merely that Ahab had slain an innocent man; it was that he had flouted the rights of humanity; he had sinned against the traditions of the fathers; he had uprooted a household from its seat and broken in wantonness the ties between the citizen and his ancestral land, apart from which he had no place in Israel. Our men died that a crime of the same nature although a million-fold greater might receive its just reward. They fought for the liberties of the world, and we who have been spared must see to it that they shall not have fought in vain.

The sacrifice of our friends has brought back to the world the real meaning of religion, "My saints, those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." But the other day, for many men not heedless of their ways, religion was a mere convention. They may have misunderstood it. Perhaps they never sought to understand it. Perhaps it had never been presented to them as having in it any note of a crusade. They understood it to deal with creeds which they did not feel could be to them a real issue, or with negations which might very well be observed apart altogether from so elaborate a system of things as the Christian Church presented. The Gospel read without commentary or elision had many straight things to say and implied certain claims which the Christian religion, reduced to a system, appeared to ignore. Whenever a faith was turned into a system it lost its soul. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword." Whatever the context, that did not appear to give much support to a great many namby-pambyisms and social timidities that hid themselves under the guise of charity and a Christian spirit. "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Again, on the face of it, there was nothing here to encourage the endowment assurance view of life. And in its broad outline the life of Christ was not a story dealing with the relevance of genealogies or the possibility of miracle. It was the story of a

life that rejected prudential standing and refused to be cautious. In its various assertions of purpose there was evidence of the strong human nature, proof of the pull of merely material considerations even upon our Lord. "Get thee behind Me, Satan," are the words of One not untouched by the setting forward and by the snare of the easier way. But He claimed the right to throw away His life if the object were adequate. He set forth His own purpose as a general statement. No life was saved that was not lost, and it was hard even for Him to put into the sacrifice of the Cross His own knowledge and faith.

There never is any easy way of doing the things that are worth doing. There comes a point when only sacrifice will secure the result; personal, not vicarious sacrifice. Do you remember how our hearts shrank from it when we were told that victory could only be achieved by a military decision on the Western Front? Our experience at that time had been confined to the retreat from Mons, and the first battle of Ypres; the abortive struggle of Neuve Chapelle, and the tragedy of incoordination at Loos. A military decision! The thing seemed to be impossible; but the leaders were right. It was only by sacrifice that the war could be won. So far as the Canadians were concerned, the Salient, the Somme, Vimy, the mud of Passchendaele, Arras, Amiens, Cambrai, these desperate struggles marked the way to the final victory, but on the road blood was shed like water and our long Roll of Honour is our witness to some of those saints who made the covenant with God by sacrifice.

There are men here, I know, who will bear me out when I say that there was on those days of active service a liberty of spirit such as they never before experienced. For the world was behind their backs. They had made the great decision. Whatever might come to them would find them not surprised and not unprepared. And behind it all, even in the case of men of our stock who refused to analyze their motives, there was the sense that here was a quest wholly unselfish; a struggle that meant for them but horror and

dirt and stench; separation from all that made life worth living; wounds and bruises and festering sores; and yet a struggle through which they were able to utter their faith in ideals and their conviction that right must reign. The men who did this were men who in civilian life were slaves to many a trivial fear; to the fear of public opinion; fear of doing the wrong thing; of creating the wrong impression; of wearing the wrong kind of tie. But they gave themselves for what they thought was true, and in a moment these meaner sanctions fell away and they became free. They lost their lives and they found them.

There is a verse in the book of Daniel which describes how the king, looking into the burning fiery furnace, saw four men there when only three had been cast into the flames: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." That divine companionship has been known in these days by many to whom the more formal religious statements meant nothing. But while only some have known it, all have possessed it. And to-day we have in remembrance that noble company who jeoparded their lives to the death.

The following Graduates, Alumni, Undergraduates and Members of Staff of Queen's University have been killed or died while on active military service, 1914-1918; to the number of one hundred and fifty-one.

L. Brooks Adams Henry Harold Allen

Herbert Shorey Baker
William Falconer Battersby
Vernon Savile Beevor
Aimers Stirling Bertram
James Tennent Whitworth Boyd
John Harrison Branion
Russel Hubert Britton
William Elmer Brown
William Fisher Brownlee
William Cassels Buchanan
Adelbert Roy Bush

Douglas Hanley Calhoun
John Carmichael
Ernest Dale Carr-Harris
Percy Calvert Caverhill
George V. Clark
C. E. Cole
Edward Fair Corkill
Stanley John Creighton
John Stewart Crerar
Stanley Lavell Cunningham

John Dall
Franklin Groves Daly
Albert Murdock Daniels
Calvin Wellington Day
Walter Perry Detlor
Hew Ramsay Duff
Harry Dunlop
William Rutherford Dunlop

Wallace Sinclair Earle Elijah John Ellis

Harold Peter Fairbairn Thomas Harold Fennell Gordon Stanley Fife Peter McLaren Forin Farquhar Caldwell Fraser

Earle Bruce Galbraith
William Gibbs Garrett
Edward Welland Gemmill
Russell Longworth Germain
Reginald Herbert Gilbert
Francis Roy Goodearle
Charles Allen Goodwillie
Joseph Albert Gordon

Frederick Aubrey Hanley Melville Hastings William George Hazlett Clifford C. Henderson Harold Frederick Hill Henry Adrian Horn Frederick Gordon Hughes

Harry Love Jarman Charles Lucas Jeffrey James Mills Johnston Clare F. Jones

Robert Andrew Kane Patrick Sylvester Kennedy Stuart Kennedy John Kincaid

John Gordon Laing
Wilbert Stewart Laing
Ruric Harold Lalande
Frederick James Larken,
Frederick Foster Laturney
Clarence Victor Lawrence
Wilfred Edwin Lawson
Norman Ewing Leckie
Herbert John Lineker
James Oscar Lloyd

Earle Cornelius McCaig Donald Morgan McCannel James Irwin McClellan John Angus Macdonald Russell Stewart Macdonald Edwin Jamison McDougal Foster Murray Macfarland William Clark McGinnis James Maxwell McIlquham Angus McIntosh Peter Mackintosh Douglas Neil McIntyre William George McIntyre Malcolm Archibald McKechnie Thomas William Fingland MacKnight Peter Malcolm McLachlan Roderick Ward Maclennan Ian Robert Reckie Macnaughton James Grant MacNeill Donald George MacPhail James Leonard McQuay

William Manning
Herbert St. Clair Marlatt
Frederick George Martyn
James Frederick Matheson
Eric Horsey May
Thomas Arthur Metheral
John Salter Mills
Harry Sutherland Minnes
Thomas Wilfrid Montgomery
Frederick Norman Moore
John Macdonald Mowat
John Ernest Muckle
Robert James Muil
Sterndale Joseph Murphy
Andrew Myllymaki

Harold Vernon Nethercott John Wesley North

William Chas. O'Donoghue

George Beattie Patterson John Henry Patton Leslie James Phillips Ralph Aberdeen Phillips Benjamin Clifford Pierce Weston Ward Pitt John Percy Pringle Claude Chester Purdy

Frank Granger Quigley

Charles McKillop Reid George Taylor Richardson John Ross Riddell Donald James Roach Garfield Redman Rogers Stanley Arthur Rutledge Arthur Charles Ruttan

Campbell Craig Scott
John Herald Serson
Edgar Zephaniah Sexton
Albert Jacob Shaver
Allan William Shea
Thomas Ralph Shearer
George Luther Sills
Stanley Douglas Skene
John Harold Chattawa Smith
Thomas D'Arcy Sneath
Lyell Campbell Spence
John Herchmer Stewart
William James Stewart
George Banby Syddall

James Harold Talbot

Richard Herbert Louis Uglow

Alvin Edmund Wartman
Claude Edmund Watchorn
Charles Gordon Webster
Arthur West
Kenneth Fenwick A. Williams
Eric Victor Wilson
Harold Stinson Wilson
Arthur Vincent Wood

John Lant Youngs.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

(C. L. J.)

(Killed in action while leading his men at Passchendaele.)

I cannot think that your keen, eager soul Can be at rest in heaven a eternal day; You, who strove ever, aiming at the goal, Will find your guerdon in a different

Let others, aged by their search for truth, Enjoy their prize of leisure: Yours is youth.

Wherever over sounding sea or land

God's couriers hasten on His service bound,

Or where, around His throne, a warrior band

Of young men stand on guard, will you be found.

Christ will not fetter you with dull repose, For He, Who once was young, a young man knows.

So, O my friend, no tears for you I shed, Glad and triumphant 'midst our living dead.

R. 3. R

In Queen's University Journal.

